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MAGAZINE
FEBRUARY 6, 1978 • $1.25

Nicholas von Hoffman *on the World Bank*

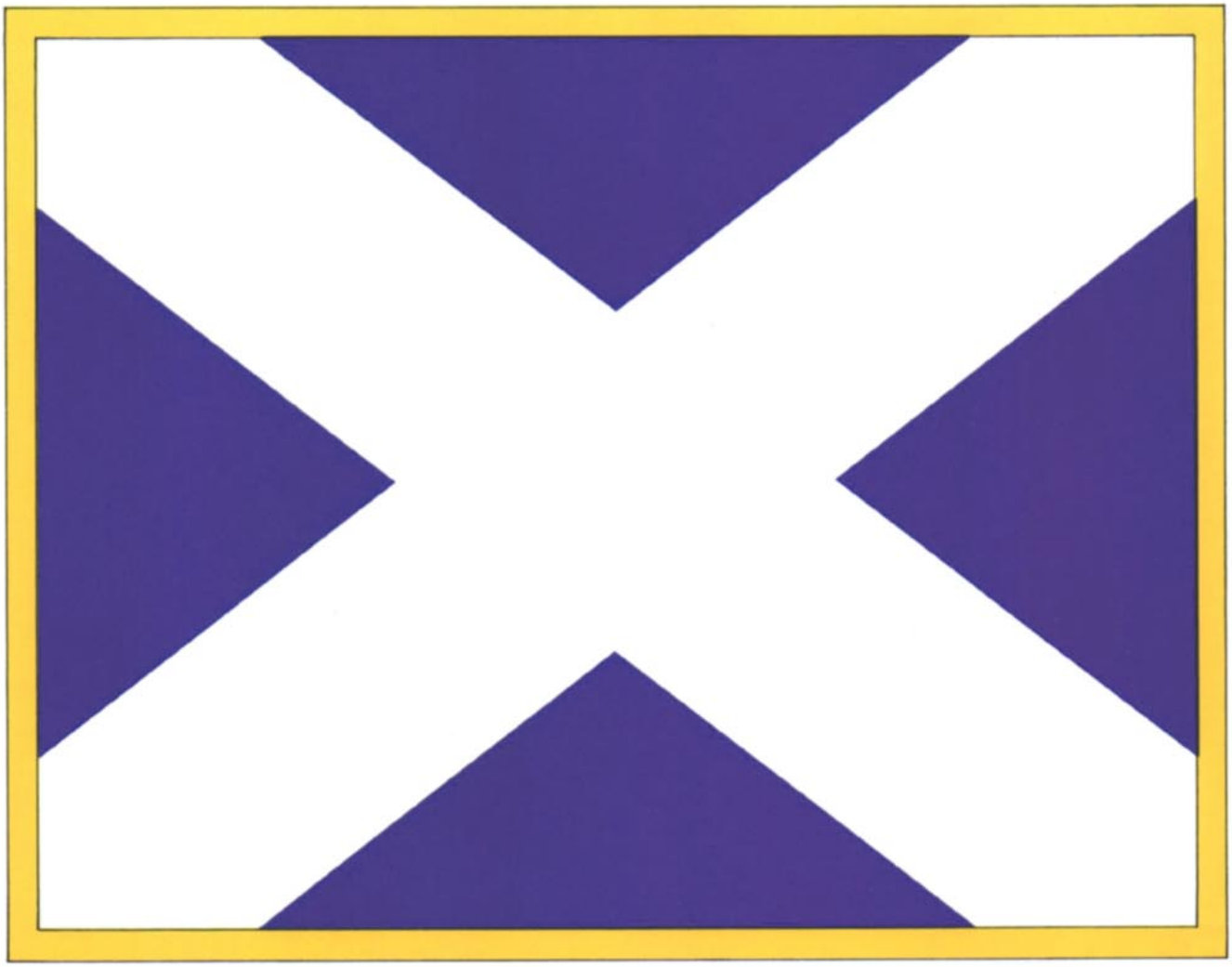
Victor Marchetti *on the CIA in Vietnam*

Thomas Szasz *on Psychiatric Terror*

The Case for Secession

SCOTTISH NATIONALISM

By ALEXANDER MCCALL SMITH & PETER CHIENE



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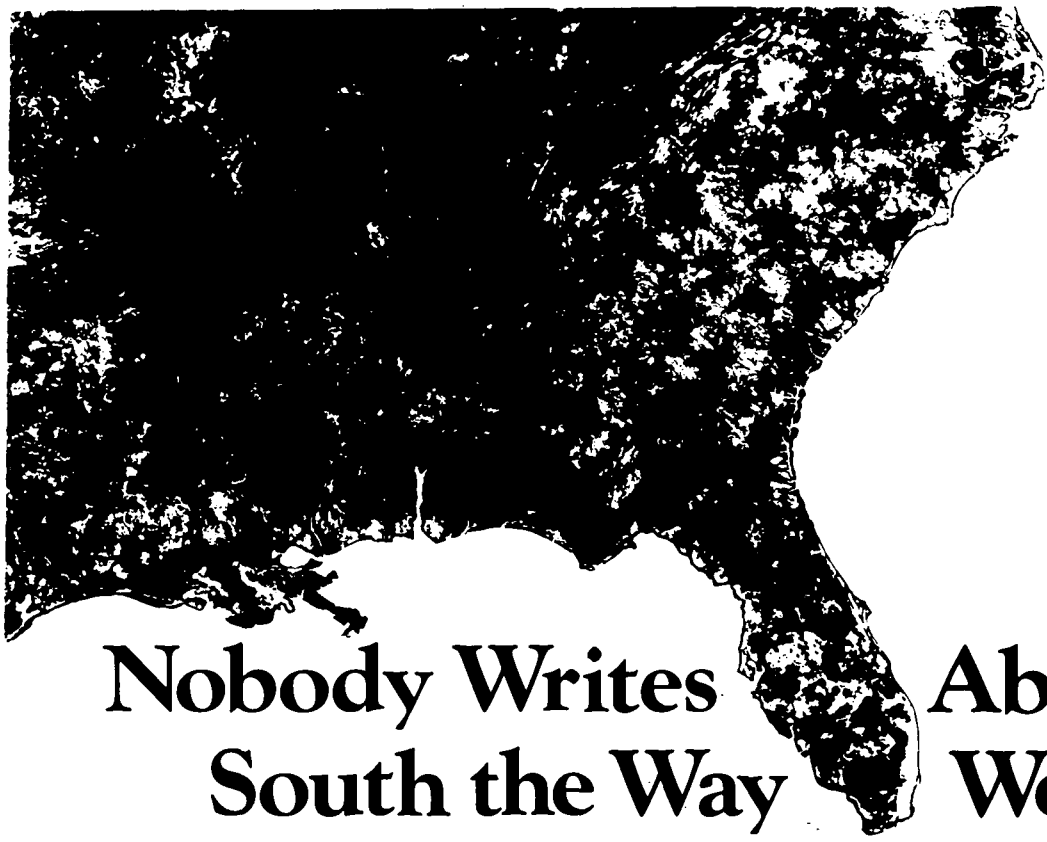

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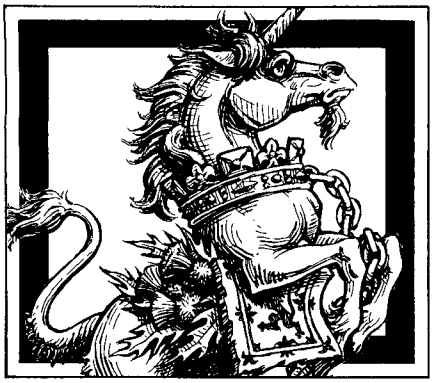

OF ALL THE SEPARATIST movements in the world, none is so dear to the heart of our art director, Bruce McGillivray, as Scottish nationalism. And that, as well as the intrinsic merit of the story itself, is one good reason why the cause of the noble Scots came to be featured on the cover of this INQUIRY. Inside you will also find Nicholas von Hoffman with a story on the World Bank. It has nothing at all to do with Scotland, but that's all right because McGillivray agreed to illustrate it anyway.

Scottish nationalism

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INQUIRY MAGAZINE, Volume 1, Number 6, February 6, 1978. Published biweekly except for the second half of July and August. INQUIRY is published at 1501 Wilson Blvd., Arlington, VA 22209. Application to mail at second-class postage rates is pending at Arlington, VA and additional mailing offices. Annual subscription price: $17.50; single copy price: $1.25. Send subscription requests and address corrections to: P.O. Box 19270, Washington, DC 20036.

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ISSN No. 0148-5008.

A government as good as its wiretappers

■ The Carter Administration plans to go to court to argue that former President Richard M. Nixon and all other Presidents should be immune from lawsuits in illegal wiretap cases if they had acted in "good faith" based on longstanding precedent. The Justice Department says it will contend also that two top Nixon aides should be immune from civil damages for authorizing a wiretap on a former White House staff member [Morton Halperin] in 1971. . . .

George Calhoun, head of the Justice Department's special litigation section in the criminal division, said Friday that the department's legal brief would contend that the wiretap was "not unconstitutional on its face" but only because it had remained in place for such a long period. Even if a U.S. appeals court upholds Smith's ruling that the tap was unconstitutional, Calhoun added, the department will argue that any President should be immune because "he should not have to worry that he can be sued every time he makes a decision."

—Los Angeles Times, Dec. 25, 1977

Never say he didn't tell us

■ Appearing on the CBS program "Face the Nation" on October 30, President Carter's national security affairs assistant Zbigniew Brzezinski was asked if he worried that the post-Vietnam attitudes of the American people might prevent the United States from intervening overseas in the future.

"It worries me to some extent," he replied. "I think, however, that if there was a situation in which the national interest was deeply involved and if the president then went to the country and openly spoke to the country about the nature of the danger, if this issue was reasonably clear-cut, the country would support us. . . ."

"In a foreign intervention like Vietnam?" he was asked.

"You see, when you say 'like Vietnam,' you are already begging a lot of questions. The problem with Vietnam was that what started off as an act of counterintervention against a foreign intervention became a national liberation struggle, and we got bogged down in it."

Get John Dean to do it

■ Presidential Counsel Robert J. Lipshutz said Wednesday that he is looking into the propriety of a fund-raising letter sent out by a White House-approved group seeking $600,000 to build public support for the Panama Canal treaties. . . . The letter, mailed last month, sought to recruit "a select council of 40 that will raise or give $15,000 or more." As apparent inducements, it promised a dinner at the White House, hosted by President Carter, and a "reception" at the Watergate penthouse of Robert S. Strauss, chief U.S. negotiator.

On their face, both occasions would appear to offer to a privileged few persons opportunities to build goodwill with high Administration officials whose decisions vitally affect the welfare of big companies. And the letter pointed out that as a "nonpartisan" organization, the sponsoring group could accept corporate contributions.

—Los Angeles Times, Jan. 5, 1978

Only an amendment

■ Ray S. Cline, a former official of the CIA and one-time director of the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research told the [Senate] subcommittee [investigating CIA propaganda activities]: "At this historical moment, the American news media, which have so successfully wrapped themselves in the First Amendment as if there were no other Constitutional obligations, constitute the only relatively unfettered espionage organization in this country."

Mr. Cline chided the press for what he termed "the recent wave of sanctimony" that had made its historical ties to the CIA a matter of concern. "You know that the First Amendment is only an amendment," he said.

—New York Times, Dec. 28, 1977

Well, it's safer than living near a SAC base

■ In a major policy change, the Army is opening missile units and other combat-support assignments to women soldiers. The decision means women soldiers may be exposed to hostile fire in any future war.

—Los Angeles Times, Dec. 22, 1977

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More Carter duplicity

The illusion of reform at the CIA

WHAT THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBerties Union described last March as the "Carter devolution on the CIA" is becoming more obvious every day. The real question, however, is whether the "devolution" decried by the ACLU is really of President Carter's policies or of the hopes of the ACLU and others like them, who concluded —from a rather careless reading of Carter's campaign promises—that the new president would make a sincere attempt to reform the Central Intelligence Agency.

Carter's own campaign statements were ambiguous at best. In a position paper on the CIA he said, "We must not use the CIA or other covert means to effect violent change in any government or government policy." At about the same time, he told *Time* magazine he was against limiting covert activities.

The first solid indication of President Carter's true position on the CIA came in February of 1977, when the *Washington Post* revealed that for the past 20 years the CIA had paid millions of dollars in "bribes" to Jordan's King Hussein and to other heads of state. After the *Post* published the story, Carter declared that he found nothing "illegal or improper" in the payoffs. Carter also reportedly said that the Hussein flap demonstrated a need to limit the number of persons who had access to such sensitive information.

The other incident that should have dispelled any remaining illusions about Carter's intentions was the case of Richard Helms, the former CIA director who had lied to a Senate committee about the agency's role in Chile. Carter let Helms off with a slap on the wrist, arguing that the deal was necessary for reasons of "national security."

Any lingering doubts of Carter's intentions may stem from the actions of Admiral Stansfield Turner, the man he appointed as director of the CIA. Soon after taking office, Turner began a well-publicized cutback of the clandestine operations division. According to a number of slightly confused commentators, this admittedly unpopular action (at least within the agency) is evidence that Carter seriously intends to bring the "rogue elephant," as the CIA is often referred to, under control.

However, as Victor Marchetti, co-author of *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence* and one of the most knowledgeable of the CIA's critics, says, these actions are "nothing but a big joke on the public." The cutback, he says, "is largely for public relations purposes." Marchetti's view is certainly not contradicted by Carter's recent choice of Frank Carlucci—a longtime State Department official who has worked closely with the CIA on clandestine operations in such places as the Congo, Tanzania, and Brazil—as the agency's deputy director.

In reality, as Marchetti and others familiar with current CIA activities point out, at this point the CIA is simply shifting its dominant mode of operation. As Marchetti describes it, the CIA has decided to "get away from the big, overblown KGB-type bureaucracy that it has developed." Instead, it is developing other ways of accomplishing its purposes; rather than having agency employees do everything, it is making increasing use of business fronts, church and labor groups, and third countries (for example, Iran, Britain, France, Saudi Arabia, and Israel) to carry out its operations. The CIA, he says, is simply going under "deeper cover."

As is true of so many of Carter's programs, his much discussed reforms of the CIA are an illusion, created for the sake of publicity. What is remarkable is that anyone ever supposed otherwise.

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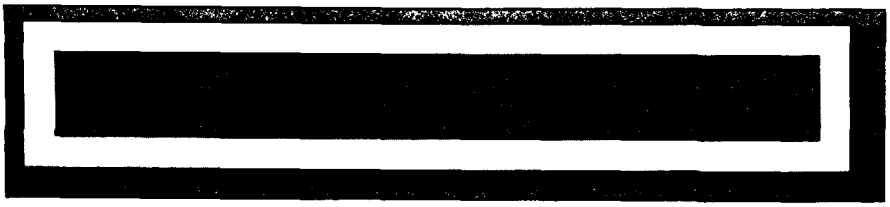

THOMAS SZASZ

Winking at psychiatric terror

IN PREVIOUS COLUMNS, I reviewed the history of psychiatric coercion and showed why any effort to confront the problems it poses without considering the economic and political context in which such coercion is practiced is an exercise in futility. Obviously, this caveat applies especially to psychiatric practices in the Soviet Union.

It is, nevertheless, possible to write about Soviet psychiatry without observing the intellectual and moral decencies. The results of such an effort will predictably be that those who atempt it will look knavish and foolish, and their work will be intellectually feeble and morally repugnant. Sidney Bloch, lecturer in psychiatry at Oxford University, and Peter Reddaway, senior lecturer in political science at the London School of Economics, are the authors of just such a book.

The American edition of their work (Basic Books, 510 pp., $12.95) is titled, somewhat grandiosely and misleadingly, *Psychiatric Terror,* and is subtitled, "How Soviet Psychiatry Is Used to Suppress Dissent." In fact, the book is not about psychiatric terror in general, but only about psychiatric terror in Russia and only as it affects a very small part of the psychiatrically terrorized population. For as the subtitle indicates, Bloch and Reddaway are not concerned with psychiatric terror used to suppress those not formally defined as dissidents. Moreover, the subtitle itself is also curiously misleading. The book is not about "how Soviet psychiatry is used to suppress dissent," but about how "psychiatry is used to suppress dissent in the Soviet Union" —which is an important distinction. To my knowledge, Soviet psychiatry has not been used to suppress dissent (or to defame living or dead persons) outside the Soviet Union, whereas Western psychiatry has been so used. From Jesus Christ to Mary Baker Eddy, from Abraham Lincoln to Woodrow Wilson, from Hitler, Stalin, and Idi Amin to Marilyn Monroe and Barry Goldwater—countless persons, foreign and American, living and dead, have been and continue to be diagnosed and discredited by Western psychiatrists.

THE ORIGINAL BRITISH EDI- tion of the Bloch-Reddaway book was published under a different, and more precise, title: *Russia's Political Hospitals: The Abuse of Psychiatry in the Soviet Union.* However, what that title gains in accuracy, it loses in self-incrimination. That title implies, it seems to me, that in the authors' opinion the sort of psychiatry the Soviet mad-doctors practice on the ordinary civilian population—on the toiling masses that do not qualify as "dissidents"—is not an "abuse." This is a "use" of psychiatry that Bloch and Reddaway couldn't be more pleased with.

The impression that Bloch and Reddaway have no principled objection to psychiatric coercion—quite the contrary—is reinforced by the book's dedication and confirmed by what is included in and excluded from their work. The dedication reads: "To Vladimir Bukovsky, Semyon Gluzman, and all defenders of humane psychiatry in the Soviet Union." What "humane psychiatry in the Soviet Union" is remains a mystery. Bloch and Reddaway never discuss it. Among the appendixes, however, they include a short narrative titled "Life in an Ordinary Psychiatric Hospital," written by a Soviet psychiatrist who has defected to the West. That brief account is the only glimpse we get of the "use" of ordinary Russian psychiatry to "treat" ordinary Russians in ordinary mental hospitals. It is enough to make the dedication of the book an obscene mockery.

The foreword, written by Vladimir Bukovsky, himself a victim of Soviet psychiatry, fits the text perfectly. Bukovsky is insensitive to the fact that one does not have to be a victim of the Soviet system to understand it and to oppose it. "For most Western people," he writes, "it is psychologically difficult to grasp the atmosphere of a country in which phenomena like those described in this book have become routine." This opinion is inconsistent with some plain facts. Thousands, perhaps even millions, of persons in the West, and especially in the United States, seem to be, and claim to be, bitterly dissatisfied with their lot in life. Many attribute their dissatisfaction to the political system under which they live. They are, however, free to leave. Few emigrate to Russia. Maybe they know more than Bukovsky gives them credit for.

The title implies that psychiatry as practiced against the toiling masses who are not dissidents is not considered an abuse.

ABOUT THE HISTORY OF psychiatry, Bukovsky is as ignorant as are the authors. "The Soviet psychiatrist," he observes, "is a part of the Soviet system. He cannot say, 'I find no symptom of illness in this person.' " That is a fine statement. What is wrong with it is that Bukovsky offers it as if it were true only for the Soviet psychiatrist. In fact, it is true for any psychiatrist who is an employee of a bureaucracy. Moreover, the identical observation and complaint was made about psychiatry a long time ago by the very person who invented the concept of schizophrenia. In 1919 Eugen Bleuler wrote:

Almost as difficult as saying "I can't give any help," or "I don't know," or at any rate much too hard for a great number of doctors, is the statement "I find nothing wrong," when he makes an examination of a patient. When a doctor feels duty-bound to find something, yet without sufficient

THOMAS SZASZ writes a regular column for INQUIRY. *His recent books include* Karl Kraus and the Soul Doctors *and* The Ethics of Psychotherapy.

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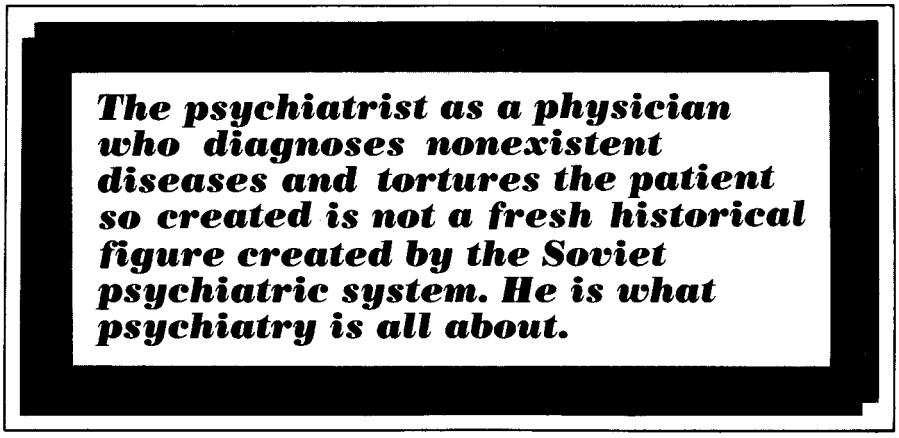
grounds or evidence, and only to please, a ticklish problem is posed.

As I have remarked elsewhere, in this way a "ticklish problem" is not so much posed as it is bypassed, and ticklish new problems—that is, new "diseases," new "medical interventions," and new complications caused by such interventions—are created. The psychiatrist as a physician who diagnoses nonexistent diseases and tortures the patients so created is not a fresh historical figure created by the Soviet psychiatric system. He is what psychiatry is all about.


The psychiatrist as a physician who diagnoses nonexistent diseases and tortures the patient so created is not a fresh historical figure created by the Soviet psychiatric system. He is what psychiatry is all about.

After some brief and quite inadequate remarks about the nature of psychiatry and the problem of mental illness, Bloch and Reddaway plunge into their subject. They never raise their heads above it till they surface for air at the end. In between they offer what they consider to be the evidence for psychiatric abuse in the Soviet Union, its nature and victims, and the opposition to it both in Russia and in the West. On the narrow subject of the psychiatric repression of dissidents in the Soviet Union, the authors' research has been reasonably thorough. In tracing the Western reaction to it, however, their bias renders their account incomplete and selective. Finally, in their interpretation of the events reported and in the recommendations they suggest for how to respond to them, Bloch and Reddaway are wrong and wrongheaded.

ALTHOUGH BLOCH AND Reddaway do not discuss what constitutes "mental illness," their views about it emerge from some of their passing comments, like the following: "One can easily imagine what it is like for a healthy person to be interned indefinitely with disturbed patients. In the SPH [special psychiatric hospital] the latter are suffering from severe forms of mental illness and many have committed acts of violence —murder, assault, rape." Like their "humane" colleagues throughout the civilized world today, Bloch and Reddaway accept it as perfectly obvious that men and women who commit violent crimes are patients rather than criminals. They also accept as perfectly proper that, for example, husbands should be able to sentence their depressed wives, or wives their alcoholic husbands, to indefinite internment in regular psychiatric hospitals, both East and West. They do not actually say so, since they never discuss the psychiatric terrorization of ordinary people; but I believe that is a reasonable inference to draw from their tacit acceptance of involuntary psychiatric interventions not only in Russia but also in Britain and the United States.

I have remarked already on the dedication of *Psychiatric Terror* to the "defenders of humane psychiatry" in the Soviet Union. Instead of defining what they mean by it, Bloch and Reddaway repeat the phrase several times. For example, in the epilogue they write: "If humane psychiatric values should ultimately gain the upper hand in the Soviet Union, one result would indeed be that all imprisoned dissenters would be held in labour camps and none in mental hospitals."

That is an imbecilic and immoral statement. Bukovsky correctly asserts that the Soviet psychiatrist is a part of Soviet society. Bloch and Reddaway agree with that. How, then, could Soviet psychiatry become "humane" unless Soviet society itself became humane? But if Soviet society were humane, dissidents would not be locked up *at all*. In fact, there would be no "dissidents," since that very concept and phenomenon is a product of the totalitarian mind and the totalitarian society. Bloch and Reddaway do not seem to notice that contradiction. They hope to contribute to the creation of a Soviet society in which dissidents are incarcerated in labor camps instead of in mental hospitals—and call that society one in which "humane psychiatric values" would prevail. I submit that their own values are perilously close, politically as well as psychiatrically, to those of the Soviet psychiatrists they criticize.

Jesus said: "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in your brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye? . . . Thou hypocrite, cast first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thine brother's eye." Bloch and Reddaway stubbornly ignore psychiatric coercion in the West, and want to correct psychiatric "abuses" in the Soviet Union only. "The main burden of opposing the [Soviet] abuse now falls," they conclude, "on Western psychiatrists."

THE APPARATUS OF PSYCHIatric coercion in the Soviet Union is certainly no mere mote. Nor is the apparatus of psychiatric coercion in the West a mere beam. It is more like a vast forest. Facts and figures are important in this connection. Bloch and Reddaway state that they have reliable information about only 210 persons "who have been interned in mental hospitals since 1962 for reasons connected with their beliefs." Even if the actual figure is twice that, or three times, or 10 times, it is still a small fraction of the hundreds of thousands of persons who are compulsorily hospitalized in the West—not since 1962 but *annually*—for their "beliefs." Why should we close our eyes to the predicament of these ordinary men and women and children, whose lives are forcibly controlled by a psychiatric and parapsychiatric police, and try to save only the most intellectually, economically, and politically favored victims of Soviet psychiatry?

To be sure, intellectuals, writers, critics of the prevailing political fashions and of the dominant social ethic need protection from psychiatric repression, in the East as well as the West. But so does everyone else. For those of us who cherish the rule of law rather than a "humane psychiatry," psychiatric terror will remain a brutal wrong not because its victims are "sane dissidents" in the Soviet Union, but because they are human beings wherever they happen to be.

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DIANE DIVOKY

Sisterhood and Big Brother in Houston

THE NATIONAL WOMEN'S Conference in Houston last November was a success by almost any feminist's standard. Some politically savvy feminists had feared that the embattled women's movement had nothing to gain and a lot to lose at the meeting, that a confrontation with the conservative "pro-family" forces (lodged a few blocks away from the conference site) or dissension within the ranks on crucial issues like the Equal Rights Amendment or abortion would further weaken the cause of women's rights. Their pessimism proved unwarranted.

On the contrary, the conference, supported with $5 million in federal funds and sponsored by the International Women's Year Commission headed by Bella Abzug, accomplished its official goals nicely, while producing some unexpected benefits. The 2000 delegates readily approved 25 of the 26 resolutions on topics ranging from bank credit to problems of battered women. These resolutions had been drawn up by the 46 IWY commissioners and had been debated at preliminary state meetings, at which delegates to the Houston conference had also been elected. The three controversial resolutions—the ones on the ERA, elective abortion, and lesbian rights—caused some tense moments on the floor, but with about 80 percent of the delegates favoring liberal positions, even these passed handily. In a dramatic moment, a new coalition of minority women managed to strengthen the resolution on minorities. The only recommendation voted down by the assembly was one calling for a Cabinet-level Women's Department. The 25-resolution plan, which represents a report on the status, problems, and needs of women, has now been delivered to President Carter, who is supposed to use it as a basis for legislative recommendations to Congress.

But, as Gloria Steinem told reporters at the conference, the piece of paper sent to Washington was of secondary importance. If the meeting had any historical significance, it consisted in something else. Part of it was the nearly tangible excitement everywhere—the euphoria, for instance, of new arrivals as they realized that some 12,000 women, delegates and observers, had come together for their own agenda of concerns. This sounds like rhetoric, but as a woman reporter long since inured to large gatherings of school superintendents, furniture manufacturers, psychologists, or politicians, I had an unexpected sense that this gathering was special—for the first time, I saw women convene not on behalf of their husbands, children, or neighborhoods, but on behalf of themselves.

THE DAY BEFORE THE PROceedings began, I sat down at a table at the back of the exhibit hall to eat a hot dog and found a collection of strangers—a graduate student from North Carolina, mother and daughter delegates from Wisconsin, two middle-aged businesswomen from Chicago, a nun from Washington—in instant rapport as they made light of their battles for women's rights back home ("I keep trying to hire male secretaries, but they're never efficient") and joked about the enemy's tactics ("You think people would figure out that if the draft is smart enough to exempt men with flat feet, they'll know not to take pregnant women"). What was impressive about the meeting was not that three First Ladies spoke or that feminist celebrities were in the crowd, but that uncelebrated women were there to conduct their business and meet their counterparts, and would go home to backwater towns and distant cities knowing they were part of a national cause.

The press coverage of the conference was telling. Once the media realized there was going to be no hand-to-hand combat between the feminist and antifeminist forces, they focused on the conference itself and told the folks back home how good the women were at the ins and outs of politicking, how sophisticated they were about caucusing and hammering out compromises, how Mayor Daley or James Curley would have approved. Harriet Van Horne of the *New York Post* wrote: "This was no tea party. As in the smoke-filled rooms, where the Boys gather, the talk was tough, the mood was total war. . . . The change in woman's *image,* barely begun a decade ago, is now fully wrought." David Broder of the *Washington Post* gushed that Ann Saunier, a young Ohio woman who six months before had never presided at a gathering of more than a dozen people, "handled the gavel during the emotional debate on abortion and lesbian rights with a skill

DIANE DIVOKY is a staff writer for Learning *magazine and co-author of* The Myth of the Hyperactive Child.

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that even Sam Rayburn would have admired." Wow, the press kept saying, women can really be as good at this kind of thing as men.

Reporters also seemed surprised at the diversity of the women, at the fact that there were not just radical lesbians on the one side (though there were plenty of those) and hard-core conservatives on the other (though a handful of states had anti-ERA, antiabortion majorities), but that there were Catholics who were proabortion and Catholics who were antiabortion, Baptists on either side of the lesbian rights issue, and some Louisiana grandmothers who favored and others who opposed the ERA. The complex of personal and political values each woman carried was sometimes mind-boggling: the Chicana ex-nun lesbian activist, the Goldwaterite Republican grandmother who'd left her husband for her feminist beliefs, the Italian housewife who was fighting to preserve her old neighborhood and to get the ERA passed.

CELEBRATION OF WOMEN'S competence and diversity that it was, the conference was not without its unsettling aspects. With all the political fervor and press coverage focused on the hot issues—the ERA, but especially abortion and the rights of lesbians—little attention was given to other crucial issues. The child care resolution, for example, asks for federally funded, low-cost child care programs for all who need them, regardless of income. Currently, only a very small percentage of the children of working mothers are cared for in federally funded centers, and almost all of these are children of poor or single parents. The cost alone of providing quality child care for the millions of youngsters of parents needing such services makes the plan unfeasible. (If just half the delegates had paid for child care at the minimum wage while away at the conference, the bill would have been a third of a million dollars.)

But perhaps more important, child care services—like many other enterprises—seem to be of a higher quality when provided in the private, rather than the government sector. Most often, the government-sponsored child care center resembles an uglier younger sibling of the dreary, routine-ridden public school. Invoking the image of stockpiling the very young in warehouses isn't fair, but it's pertinent. President Nixon was doing his usual Reds-under-the-bed number when he vetoed the national child care bill in the early seventies on the grounds that it would lead to "the Sovietization" of American families. But many who supported his move were on to something when they said that at the very least, children should not be institutionalized any sooner than compulsory education now requires, since the very young are the most vulnerable to impersonal, insensitive care.

The child care issue has no easy solutions, and perhaps no good ones, but glib advocacy of ubiquitous federal intervention and massive federal funding is no solution at all. The child care issue is certainly a knottier issue, and a more persistent one for most women, than abortion or lesbian rights, which managed to so work up the crowd at Houston. It was distressing to see the delegates, most of whom were in the child-rearing years, so blithely recommend the kind of child care that they themselves, predominantly middle class, rarely use for their own children.

*YET THE CONFERENCE'S SO-*lution to the child care issue—government intervention and government spending—was only symptomatic of its general approach to women's problems. The following is, believe it or not, an incomplete list of what the women asked for from the federal government: a national clearinghouse on battered women; experimental programs and technical assistance for parenthood education; a nationwide campaign to inform women of their credit rights; surveys and studies to ensure compliance with antidiscrimination laws in education; the expansion of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission; a "national health security" program and expansion of the functions and authority of the Food and Drug Administration; research on contraceptive methods; research on alcohol and drug abuse; treatment centers for drug-addicted women; a network of community-based health facilities for reproductive health services; and investigation of the increase in unnecessary surgery on women; a special commission to investigate nursing homes and mental institutions; counseling, training, and placement programs for homemakers without husbands; data collection on economic arrangements at divorce and their enforcement thereafter; a permanent committee to advise the State Department in selecting women candidates for foreign policy positions; passage of the Displaced Homemakers bill;

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rape crisis centers; rape prevention and self-defense programs in the schools and community; sex education programs in all schools; family planning services for teen-agers; a rural education policy and programs; a universal minimum wage; improvements in social security and retirement systems; and comprehensive health insurance and legal services for poor women. State and local government got comparable mandates.

The potential cost of all this was not lost on the conservatives, who on this issue at least employed common sense instead of Biblical exegesis. Some of them circulated a handbill titled "Bella, Can You Spare a Dime? Presented by the Women's Caucus for Fiscal Responsibility," which put a price tag on each of the proposals and calculated the total cost at $360 billion annually. "Your husband's salary will not be subject to garnishment because this is YOUR bill," it tweeked.

One dissident NOW member, Eliza Paschall of Georgia, took the implications of the resolutions more seriously:

"The overall thrust of the recommendations is to increase government—particularly federal government—involvement in all aspects of American life; to increase expenditures of public money; to increase dependency upon public institutions; in other words, to minimize individual initiative and self-reliance; to minimize the advantage of the diversity [of approaches]. . .; to decrease opportunities for independent solution of community problems on state and local levels; to minimize local control of the spending of public money; and to increase the expenditure of money for administrative layers of government. . . .To question the recommendations does not necessarily deny the existence of problems but questions the . . . reliance on institutionalization and legal action to ensure solutions."

Some argued that the almost automatic turning of the women to government intervention for solutions to problems was simply a reflection of the ingrained political liberalism of the majority of delegates. But it almost seemed that in turning away from Big Daddy, the women were too eager to run to the arms of Big Brother; that although they'd learned that economic and social dependence were at the heart of their problem, they were not yet ready to face the hard consequences of independence, of not being kept. I hope that day will come soon. ❏

GLENN GARVIN

Killing fire ants with carcinogens

EVER SINCE THE 1940S, WHEN its pilgrim ancestors stowed away on a South American ship and slipped ashore at Mobile, Alabama, the fire ant has been a nuisance in the South. The fierce red ants —stinging insects known to scientists as *solenopsis invicto* (*invicto* for invincible)—now infest nearly 191 million acres in nine Southern states from central Texas to North Carolina, where they pose a hazard to livestock and farmers.

But even more hazardous has been the 20-year $150-million campaign to stamp out the fire ant. Initiated by Southern politicians like Senator James O. Eastland and organized by empire-building bureaucrats in the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the assault against the fire ant has exposed Americans to hundreds of tons of lethal insecticides, killed thousands of quail, pheasant, and shellfish, poisoned Lake Ontario, and left traces of cancer-causing agents in millions of citizens. And even now federal officials are hatching plans to drop millions of pounds of an untested variant of a known—and banned—carcinogen in one more attempt to wipe out the ants.

No one will deny that fire ants are a genuine problem: The ant mounds can damage farm equipment, and the insect's sting is painful—possibly fatal to those among the 10 percent of the population allergic to its venom. But the ants pose no menace that would justify dumping tons of cancer-causing agents across the countryside. "Considering all the biting, stinging insects, why the fire ant receives so much attention is not clear to me," muses Florida State University entomologist Walter Tschinkel. "Nobody has yet suggested we eradicate chiggers or yellow jackets or anything like that."

Yet that is exactly what the U.S. Department of Agriculture—with the cooperation of Southern politicians —has tried to do with the fire ant, in direct defiance of the warnings of other federal agencies charged with maintaining human and environmental safety.

The USDA began its war against the fire ant in 1957 with a $2.4-million spraying program. Right from the beginning, the USDA has favored use of chlorinated hydrocarbons—the pesticide family that includes Kepone and DDT, among others. Chlorinated hydrocarbons are splendidly effective against insects because they almost never decay; they just lie around, waiting to be picked up. This also makes them splendidly effective against fish, birds, and other small animals—and when the USDA began dumping heptachlor and dieldrin (both now banned for most usages) indiscriminately around the South, biologists quickly noted an enormous number of deaths among what they euphemistically called "nontarget organisms."

In 1962 the USDA introduced Mirex, a new pesticide from the chlorinated hydrocarbon family, which it had developed in its laboratories at Gulfport, Mississippi. The chemical quickly became the favored weapon in the war against the fire ant. Although USDA pilots dumped tons of Mirex over the South and USDA entomologists proclaimed a "90 percent kill rate," the ants continued to spread. Nevertheless, in 1969 the USDA and the Southern Plant Board, which represents the agriculture departments of 13 Southern states, agreed to spend another $200 million to spread Mirex over another 120 million acres of land.

AT THIS POINT, OPPONENTS of the eradication program intervened. The Environmental Defense Fund filed suit to block the program, and the Environmental Protection Agency opened hearings on Mirex which resulted in a ban on the insecticide.

Allied Chemical Company, manufacturer of the poison bait, appealed the EPA ruling, but gave up the fight in 1975 and went out of the Mirex business. The State of Mississippi stepped in, purchasing Allied's Mirex plant in

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Prairie, Mississippi, for $1 and the company's chemical inventory for $300,000. If this great experiment in state socialism caused any pain to Mississippi officials, who routinely ban textbooks for being critical of the free market, it was eased by the soothing sound of federal coin rolling across the counter—Mississippi shipped more than 300,000 pounds of Mirex during its first month in the poison business.

But the timing was all wrong; 1976 was a catastrophic year for Mirex. First the EPA revealed that a study of human tissue samples from eight Southern states showed that Mirex was present in one of every five Southerners. (In some states where use is particularly heavy, like Mississippi and Louisiana, the figure was as high as 43 percent.) The levels weren't high enough to be dangerous, but most scientists were appalled that the Mirex was there at all.

Before that furor died down, another EPA study showed that the Mirex stored in the Mississippi factory was deteriorating into Kepone, the notorious chemical involved in the poisoning of 76 workers at a Hopewell, Virginia, factory and in the polluting of the James River.

The next blow to Mirex came from the National Cancer Institute, which finally unveiled a 1971 study showing that rats fed the insecticide developed liver cancer. An earlier study had already proved Mirex caused cancer in mice. Normally only one study of one species is required before the National Cancer Institute will label a substance a carcinogen; now there were two on Mirex. (National Cancer Institute officials, when asked why it took them four and a half years to release the information that such a widely used substance caused cancer, couldn't come up with an answer.

The final blow was the news that Mirex and Kepone contamination had been discovered in Lake Ontario. Hooker Chemical Co., which manufactured the poisonous ingredients in both insecticides, has a plant in Niagara Falls, and New York authorities traced the pollution to it. Environmental Conservation Commissioner Peter Berle, calling the pollution "an environmental tragedy of the first order," banned fishing in the lake.

Fearing the kind of lawsuits filed against Allied Chemical after the Kepone incident in Virginia, Hooker refused to supply any more poison to the Mississippi factory unless it was indemnified against all claims. Mississippi officials could find no insurance company to take the account, and they, too, finally decided to go out of the Mirex business—the state agreed with EPA to produce a weaker formulation of Mirex until December 1, 1977, and then stop production altogether. Aerial application of Mirex has now been outlawed, and all use must end by next June.

BUT THE STORY HAS NOT yet ended. For one thing, there is simply too much money in killing ants. Congress annually handed USDA more than $9 million for ant wars, a tidy sum even in the world of federal finance. Perhaps more importantly, a lot of that money finds its way into the South—a fact well known to such powerful figures as Mississippi Senator Eastland.

The State of Mississippi, after agreeing to relinquish Mirex, felt pressure from all sides: from USDA, from other Southern states (Georgia and Alabama actually went to court to try to block the phase-out), and from the cash register. Mississippi sold between 15 and 18 million pounds of Mirex last year, taking in between $4.4 and $5.3 million—with about $1 million cool profit. ("I don't like to think of it as profits," said Marion Ueltschey, Mississippi's fire ant czar. "I think of it as money not used in the operation of the plant.")

Perhaps none of this would matter if Southerners themselves sent up howls of outrage at the prospect of being buried in carcinogens. Where there has been an outcry—Birmingham, Alabama; and Austin, Texas, for instance—environmentalists have been successful in blocking the use of Mirex. But the simple and inescapable fact is that most people in the South favor Mirex—not because they have carefully examined its merits, but because it symbolizes to them one more form of the sectional oppression that has been practiced by the North against them for years. To Southerners it seems that a lot of pointy-headed environmentalists and federal meddlers are cavalierly ruling out their only defense against an insect that doesn't threaten anyone but Southerners.

ALL THIS WILL MAKE IT much easier for Mirex to make a comeback—and it looks as if it won't be far off. Researchers at Mississippi State University have discovered that adding iron and amines to the poison in Mirex will make it break down much more quickly, thus seemingly removing one of the principal objections to its use. Mississippi is planning to seek an emergency permit to use the new insecticide, dubbed ferriamicide, on several hundred thousand acres next year. "It kills the ants but it doesn't build up in the environment," said Mississippi's Ueltschey. "I'm very optimistic."

However, Dr. Eugene Alley, the developer of ferriamicide, does not yet know the effects of the degradation products. He admits that he has no idea whether the new Mirex will continue breaking down after it has been ingested by ants or other animals. And most significantly, he says that the new formulation will have no effect on Mirex's carcinogenic properties. "It's still the same basic substance," Alley says. "There's no question that it's still carcinogenic."

The new Mirex will have to be approved by the EPA, and many longtime foes are pessimistic. "They've already gotten an experimental use permit, and now they'll get this emergency permit, and everybody will go right back to Mirex," says one. "It just makes you feel useless."

If EPA allows Mississippi to put its Mirex factory into production again, there will be no shortage of money to buy the stuff. Eastland and his House counterpart, Congressman Jamie Whitten of Mississippi, quietly shoved a $4.5-million appropriation through Congress last spring, mostly on the strength of half-truths and outright lies. Eastland's office repeatedly assured anyone who asked that researchers were hot on the trail of a Mirex formulation that breaks down into "nothing, absolutely nothing."

So the war against the fire ant will probably rage on. Short of covering nine states with a three-foot carpet of Mirex, there is no possibility of wiping out the fire ant. Because the ants are highly migratory and reproduce rapidly, they repopulate a treated area in a matter of months. "There's probably really no insect that we can totally eradicate," says Mississippi State University's Alley. "Especially the fire ant. They have a really explosive potential for growth."

From the standpoint of the USDA, the State of Mississippi, and other Southern states, that's probably just as well. It means they can seek endlessly bigger appropriations for larger staffs, fancier airplanes, and more Mirex. ❑

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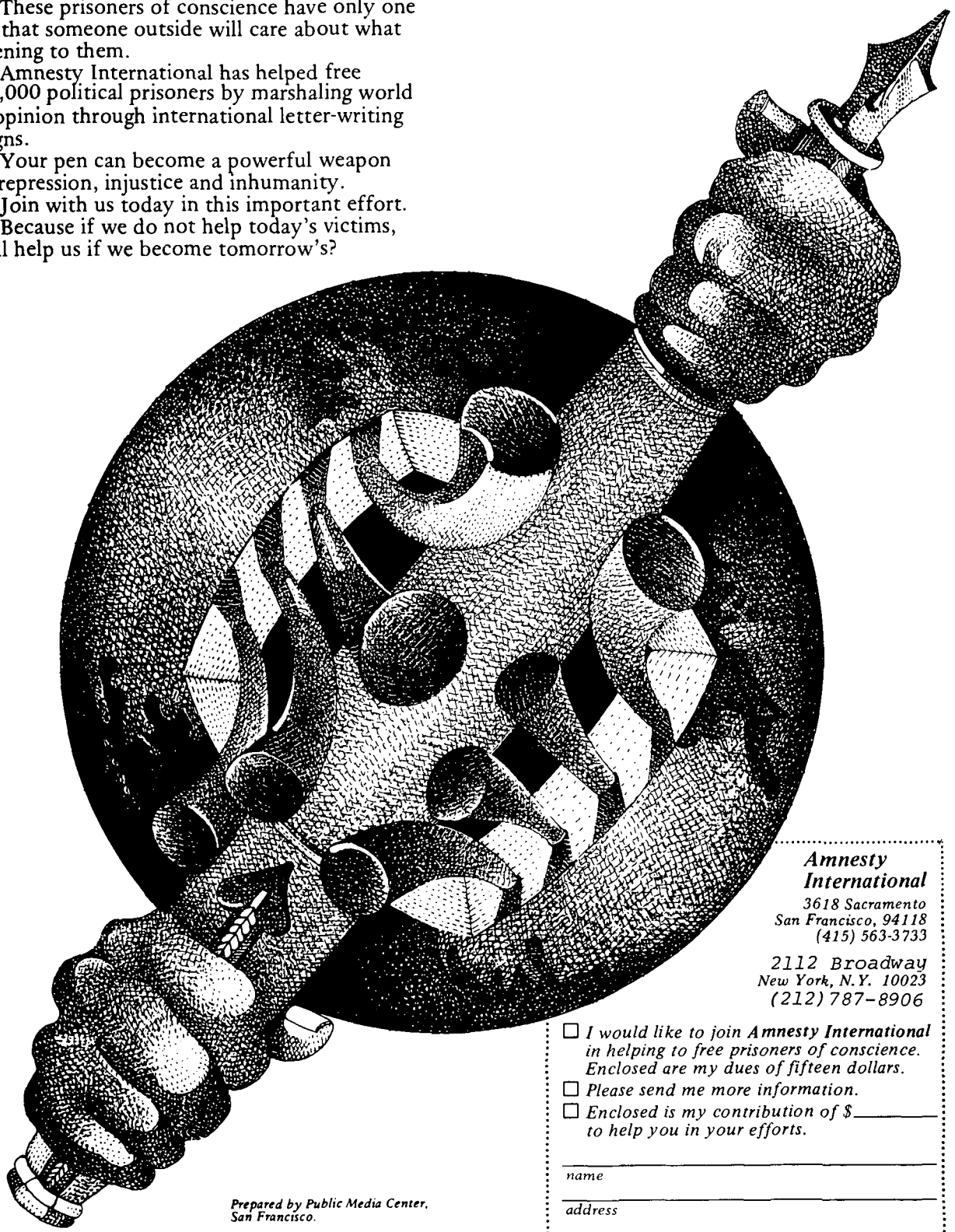

Prepared by Public Media Center, San Francisco.

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A resurgence of Scottish nationalism threatens to break up the United Kingdom —and the English are worried.

SCOTLAND WANTS OUT

By ALEXANDER MCCALL SMITH & PETER CHIENE

IN 1707, A DATE EVERY Scottish nationalist has engraved on his heart, Scotland lost her parliament in the Union with England. Not even the most enthusiastically pro-Union historian can argue that the process had been entirely fair. Bribery, intrigue, and economic coercion were all instruments to which English ministers, unwilling to have an independent state on their northern border, resorted. To many in Scotland, the Union was a tragedy, signifying the end of the statehood of one of Europe's oldest states. In one of his more haunting ballads, Robert Burns lamented the passing of Scottish sovereignty by the fiat of corrupt legislators. "We were bought and sold," he wrote, "for English gold. What a parcel of rogues in a nation!"

In theory, the Treaty of Union involved the dissolution of the Scottish and English parliaments, creating an entirely new British parliament. In practice, the English did not see it this way and took the view that the Scots merely joined the existing English parliament.

Not all Scots accepted this arrangement, which so rapidly began to pose a dire threat to their nationhood. In 1711 an attempt was made by Scottish politicians at Westminster to initiate a debate on the ending of the Union. The speaker ruled this out of order. "England," he pronounced, "has catched Scotland and catched her good." The Jacobite uprisings of 1715 and 1745, and the savage repression that followed upon them, showed that there still flickered in Scotland the will to resist English domination, but that the imperial state was determined at all costs to maintain its hold on Scotland. This determination to resist uprisings on the part of the minority nations within the United Kingdom was to be shown repeatedly over the following centuries, culminating in the bloodiness of the Anglo-Irish War in the earlier years of this century. Although a colonial analysis sits ill on much of Scotland's post-Union history, there were certain colonial elements in the way in which the metropolitan state (England) governed its Irish, Welsh, and Scottish subjects. The political rights granted them were of little comfort in a Parliament so heavily dominated by English members and interests. Scotland became a province, bypassed by the rise of national consciousness that occurred in Europe during the nineteenth century. The imperial adventure gave her a role to play in the world; the proverbial Scottish engineers and administrators were indeed to be found in every engine room and colonial outpost of the Empire. At the beginning of the twentieth century, to be a Scottish patriot in the tartan-draped Victorian style was permissible, but seriously to advocate a return to Scottish sovereignty was eccentric

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gaucherie. Immediately before the Great War there was political pressure for Home Rule, which Scotland might have attained riding on Ireland's coattails, but Scottish politicians lacked the passion and, at the time, the cause that fired their Irish counterparts.

TODAY ALMOST ONE-third of the Scottish population supports the Scottish nationalists, and any visit to a Scottish city will reveal the outward signs of a popular national movement. From the hoardings surrounding the gaunt urban tragedy of Glasgow (Northern Europe's Naples) the posters pronounce the message of the Scottish National Party. An elderly woman sits in a slum—"It's her oil [referring to the recent discovery in the North Sea]. It's time for self-government." The message is direct; the Scottish National Party intends to reclaim Scotland's sovereignty. In a hall, a well-known Scottish folk group sings "O Flower of Scotland," sending its audience into patriotic rapture. "But we shall rise now," the song goes, "and be the nation again." Once again there is no ambiguity. The audience, mostly in their twenties, applauds enthusiastically and sings the chorus with convincing emotion. Football crowds take up the same refrain, drowning the playing of the United Kingdom's official anthem, "God Save the Queen."

Yet there is far more to Scottish nationalism than the singing of patriotic songs or nostalgia for a romanticized Scotland of the past. Scottish nationalism is a powerful political force currently threatening to fragment one of Western Europe's most politically secure unitary states. As such, it is of the same political significance as Quebec nationalism (considered 10 years ago to be of little more than nuisance value to the Canadian federation) or Basque nationalism, which has consistently challenged the hegemony of the Spanish state.

In a broader context, its claims may be considered alongside those of many of the secessionist movements that have arisen in the former colonial territories in the Third World. The arguments used by the Biafrans in their rejection of the Nigerian federation, or by the people of Bangladesh in their successful withdrawal from Pakistan, are the same arguments as those used by the Scottish nationalists in their claims for Scottish independence. In each case, there are identifiable peoples included against their will in a larger unit in which they feel they cannot exercise the right of national self-determination. In Scotland's case there are distinguishing features: Its geographical relationship with England is different from Bangladesh's relationship with Pakistan, and its political connection with England is the product of a union between independent states rather than the result of the colonial determination of boundaries.

But a victory for secession in one case is a victory for secessionists elsewhere. If the United Nations recognizes the right to self-determination of Bangladesh, then how can states deny the same right to Quebec or Scotland?

Scottish nationalism is a powerful political force currently threatening to fragment one of Western Europe's most politically secure unitary states.

Established states are nervous. The United Nations, argued U Thant in the mid-sixties, can never recognize the right of part of the territory of a member state to withdraw from that state. The Organization of African Unity was quick to endorse this view. For the OAU, as much as for the UN, nationalism is admissible when it is the policy of existing states but not when it is preached by minority nationalities within these states. Contemporary "minority" nationalism, then, is treated seriously, as well it might be with the stakes as high as they are.

WHAT MAKES A Scotsman a nationalist? Viewed objectively, it may be difficult for the outsider to understand the complex factors that sustain the Scottish national movement and sentiment. The Scots are citizens of a democratic egalitarian state. They are not denied any of the political privileges granted to the citizens of any other part of the state, and unlike the Northern Irish, they are not underrepresented in the national Parliament. Many of the governmental functions relating to Scotland appear to be run by Scots based in Edinburgh. The educational system is run in Scotland; the legal system is still largely run by Scots; there is no overt discrimination against Scots in all the key areas of state administration, and Scotsmen play prominent roles in all political parties. Supporters of the Union gleefully point out that two Scotsmen have recently been prime ministers of the United Kingdom. Alec Douglas Home, who headed a Tory government, makes much of his Scottishness, as did Harold Macmillan. Yet both of these have as much in common with the people of Scotland as a Boston Brahmin has with a poor white farmer from the South. Defenses of the Union are frequently spoken in the accents of Eton, Oxford, and a Guards Regiment; the more authentic Scottish voice has a somewhat different tone.

Yet if all the trappings of equality characterize the nature of Scotland's relationship with England, there remains a strong conviction amongst many Scots that the relationship can never be equal, no matter what goodwill may be shown by English politicians. Evidence of the adverse consequences of benign neglect, indifference, or selfishness is not difficult to find. Through economic neglect, Scotland's economy finds itself today in a more decrepit state than its English equivalent. Political weight being vested in the more populous South, Scotland was left to struggle along as best she could. Entire communities were destroyed by agricultural clearances, Scottish housing and health became the worst in Western Europe, and talented Scots deserted what they saw as a limited and parochial province for the challenge of London and the outside world. Scotland stewed in her own self-pity and Presbyterian righteousness, failing to understand collectively that what was happening was the result of abandoning political control of her own destiny and of the slow but relentless growth of the nursery mentality.

Although Scots still thought of themselves as a nation, it was as a nation that was under the tutelage of a powerful nanny. Nanny knew best about everything, particularly the economy, even if this meant that she had to acquire ownership of it in order to direct it. After

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1918, some historians argue, there ceased to be a Scottish economy. Scottish firms were acquired by English capital and Scottish land was acquired by absentee landlords as the process of economic subordination of the Scottish middle classes gathered momentum. In its later stages this economic domination received a new face as American investors acquired ownership of over 30 percent of Scottish industry. Economic decisions were now firmly out of the hands of all but a small residue of native financiers and businessmen in Glasgow and Edinburgh.

If the reality of English control was obvious enough in the economic sphere, it was just as clear in almost every other aspect of daily life except religion. The powerfulness of the English Establishment, with its bone-deep sense of its own superiority, cowed the majority of Scots. Faced with an articulate and urbane condescension, the Scot tended to lapse into taciturn resignation. Within himself he might have known that he was as well educated and as competent as the smooth-tongued product of Oxford or Cambridge, but he felt little inclined to challenge the values of such a powerful and respected group. Vaguely and indefinably the Scottish psyche was led to believe that it was inadequate. It reveled in what the historian Christopher Harvie has called its "blackness." The violence, the drinking, the abrasive harshness—these were to be the safety valves of Scottish inadequacy.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, the destruction of Scottish culture accompanied the decay of the social fabric. In spite of Scottish intellectual preeminence in the eighteenth century (a period during which an integrated Scottish culture still existed), Scottish literature and intellectual life in general lapsed into provincialism or mawkish sentimentality during much of the period of union. This was epitomized by the Kailyard (that is, "cabbage plot") School in literature, where writers such as J. M. Barrie, Ian MacLaren, and S. R. Crockett churned out novel after novel depicting couthy characters living in small towns. At the very time when Scotland was one of the major workshops of the world, the novelist could write only of dominies, ministers, and lads o' pairts in a rural Arcadia. Scottish publishing declined as publishers moved to London and as the English intellectual establishment asserted the universal validity of its world view. The fate of the Scottish universities, which had for long pursued the ideals of availability and broadness of curriculum, exemplified this process. English opinion disapproved of the Scottish concept of the "democratic intellect" and sought to "reform" it out of existence. Scotland fought back, but as in other matters, the odds were uneven.

Scottish nationhood might have finally faded into history and the Scots might have suffered the fate of the "refuse nations" referred to by Marx and Engels had it not been for the "Scottish poetical renaissance" of the 1920s. In a land that had no local legislators of its own, the unacknowledged legislators fulfilled the prophecy. Centered on Dr. Christopher Grieve, or Hugh MacDiarmid as he is better known, an astonishing burst of poetic talent asserted the claims of Scotland. MacDiarmid was convinced of the historical failure of Scotland to assert itself as required of a nation and took the cause of Scottish nationalism to his heart. He was politically contradictory, vacillating between Marxism and occasional support for European fascists, yet he was consistent in support for the right of a small nation to be free. Although a universalist, he was passionate in his feeling for Scotland and angry at the lack of direction of its thinkers and leaders:

The Rose of all the world is not for me.
I want for my part
Only the little white rose of Scotland
That smells sharp and sweet—
and breaks the heart.

In many respects the writers and polemicists grouped around such men as MacDiarmid showed a preference for the variety of nationalism espoused by Mazzini, the nineteenth-century Italian revolutionary. Mazzini, a supporter of cultural diversity, argued that all European nations were heirs to a common civilization in which they could properly participate only by first coming to terms with their own cultures. Only by becoming an Italian or a German, for example, could an Italian or German make a contribution to the European heritage. In the view of many Scots both of the 1920s' movement and of the present generation of writers, only after Scotland has once again come to understand its national past and present will it make the contribution that it failed to make in the nineteenth century. This belief is at the core of the cultural justification for independence put forward by the modern Scottish National Party. Scotland, it is argued, has a contribution to make to the world, which it cannot make when everything it says or does has to be filtered through London.

Yet it would be a mistake to overrate the importance of MacDiarmid and those who followed in his wake. Writers like Sydney Goodsir Smith, Sorley Maclean, and Edwin Morgan were, and are, first and foremost *poets*—the lack of novelists of stature, and of social and political commentators, is staggering. Moreover, the relation between the poetic renaissance and the Scots at large is problematic. The universities, for example, the bête noir of many nationalist intellectuals, have demonstrated a studied indifference toward nationalism and the "Scottish question." To this day a student may study literature at a Scottish university without having to read so much as a word of Scottish literature, and only half the universities condescend to have a Chair of Scottish History. In spite of the considerable contribution of a number of university teachers, it is fair to say that the majority of academics in the Scottish universities have failed to ask, never mind discuss, the critical questions facing the Scots today.

The cultural basis for nationalism is augmented by its appeal to the desire for "communitas," which has fired many of the other modern nationalisms.

THE CULTURAL BASIS for the nationalist appeal is augmented by its direct appeal to the desire for "communitas" which has fired many of the other renascent modern nationalisms. With its relentless tendency towards centralism and uniformity, many people feel that distinctiveness and local attachment are threatened by the modern state. There is a desire in Europe, as elsewhere, for

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the strengthening of roots. People want to belong; they want to identify with a region or a community in the face of the impersonality of the modern state and superstate. If Bertrand Russell wrote in 1917 that he saw nothing admirable in the sense of belonging to a particular group or nation, it was perhaps only because the sense of belonging had not at that stage suffered such a determined and withering onslaught. It is not the sort of exclusive, flag-waving belonging that has attracted many of Scottish nationalism's young supporters to its cause; it is the "small is beautiful" philosophy that has had this effect. It is against the large battalions that the Scot, the Catalan, and the Québécois are now uniting.

Within Scotland the Scottish nationalists have not had matters all their own way. People oppose them for a variety of reasons, some of the opponents finding themselves in the unholiest of coalitions. The right fears the fundamental democracy that the nationalists tend to preach; the left shivers at the thought of dividing the working class along national lines. In the case of the left, the resistance has been particularly strong, sometimes being expressed in markedly vitriolic terms. In conventional left-wing thought, nationalism is to be equated with reaction, if not with fascism. The British Labour Party in particular adopts this approach, failing to understand its own xenophobia and commitment to a highly centralized state that is being rapidly discredited in the eyes of those to whom community politics offers the only real hope. Not all the left takes this orthodox view. There are many socialists within the Scottish National Party, and there are other Scottish socialist groupings committed to independence.

FACED WITH THIS threat from Scotland, the British state and its supporters have closed ranks in an attempt to defuse the nationalist appeal. Partial devolution of power (except for economic functions) is the plan adopted by the United Kingdom government, in the hope that in this way the nationalists will be deprived of one of the major arguments in their platform. Many of the ruling party's own members are aghast at the thought of the creation of a legislative assembly in Edinburgh, arguing that this will cause the speedy dissolution of the Union. To them the concession of even some measure of power to Scotland will constitute the Danegeld.

Behind the arguments of political philosophy, behind the discussions of the historians and the writers, there lies, of course, the nasty world of *Realpolitik*. Much of the current success of Scottish nationalism lies in the fact that it can with credibility claim that Scotland is viable as a modern self-governing state. The discovery off Scotland's coasts of vast quantities of high-grade oil, constituting a large part of the United Kingdom's oil wealth, has been a crucial factor. If Scotland were to become independent, it would undoubtedly succeed to a considerable proportion of this oil, making it in effect one of the wealthiest countries in the world. The United Kingdom, which is currently relying on North Sea oil to support its ailing economy, could hardly admit the possibility of losing this source of energy. Present United Kingdom policy is to extract the oil as fast as possible, paying little heed to the requirements of conservation.

The Scottish National Party proposes to limit the rate of depletion of the oil resources, hoping to spread the benefits over a longer period. The United Kingdom has been notoriously slack in its dealings with the multinational oil companies, but it is likely that this cozy relationship would be questioned by a Scottish government, which would almost certainly take a more stringent view of the handsome profits made in the North Sea by American and London-based companies. The latter know this and can be expected to resist any change in conditions that might interfere with expected profits. The gentlemen from Texas, after all, are not renowned for their support of the principle of economic self-determination.

Whether or not Scottish nationalism can sustain its extraordinary recent growth and impetus is a question many observers feel will be answered within the next few years. In many respects it will be an uphill battle for the nationalists as they struggle against the impressive forces arrayed against them. This opposition is made up of strange political bedfellows. Some are hard-line unionists who support the status quo—Conservatives, some members of the Labour Party (some openly, many more covertly), and the "Scotland is British" Committee. The last is financed by big business concerns, but is distinctly lacking in political talent. The nationalists also have to contend with the devolutionists, who support the Devolution Bill currently going through Parliament. The bill would create a Scottish assembly which, although given power to legislate certain matters of education, health, and transportation, would still be financially dependent upon Westminster. The object of this move is to take the wind out of the nationalists' sails, in the hope that the Scots will be content with devolution of a degree of power and stop hankering after independence. Kill independence with kindness, to paraphrase a saying from the days of the Irish debate. The nationalists support devolution, but only as a steppingstone to independence. They do not see it as a stable solution to the problem, particularly as it offers Scots no control over trade, industry, the treasury, or oil revenue. It is against this background that the current party battle wages, with the opinion polls revealing that Conservatives, Labour, and Nationalists each have about 30 percent of the electorate's support.

Scottish nationalists do not have the advantages their Quebec equivalents enjoy—there is no language issue. They also lack the political assembly and local government that Quebec possesses. Unlike the Basques, they are also unlikely to find that the government against which they are struggling will behave repressively. It will be a long way along the road to desperation before any British government starts making political martyrs in Scotland. And Scotland also lacks the powerful sense of injustice that sustained the Irish in their battle for freedom. The English have not treated Scotland with the same strutting arrogance they meted out in Ireland. As William Wolfe, the leader of the Scottish National Party, observed in his political testament *Scotland Lives:*

> The centralist Spaniard oppressors are Fascist and brutal. [This was written in 1973.] The Basque people are resolute and determined not to die as a nation. In comparison, the centralist English exploiters of the Scots are benevolent and patronising. They will willingly and even apologetically anglicise any Scot or Scotticism with a joke or a smile; they will gradually appropriate our land and resources such as oil, in completely sincere belief that they are doing us a favour, and the Scottish people are irresolute and polite, accustomed to being told by the clever, smiling English or by their representatives in Scotland that *they* know best what is good for Scotland. After all, *they* have managed Scotland's affairs for centuries. *They* are bound to be right.

To which one might perhaps add, today *they* are worried. ❑

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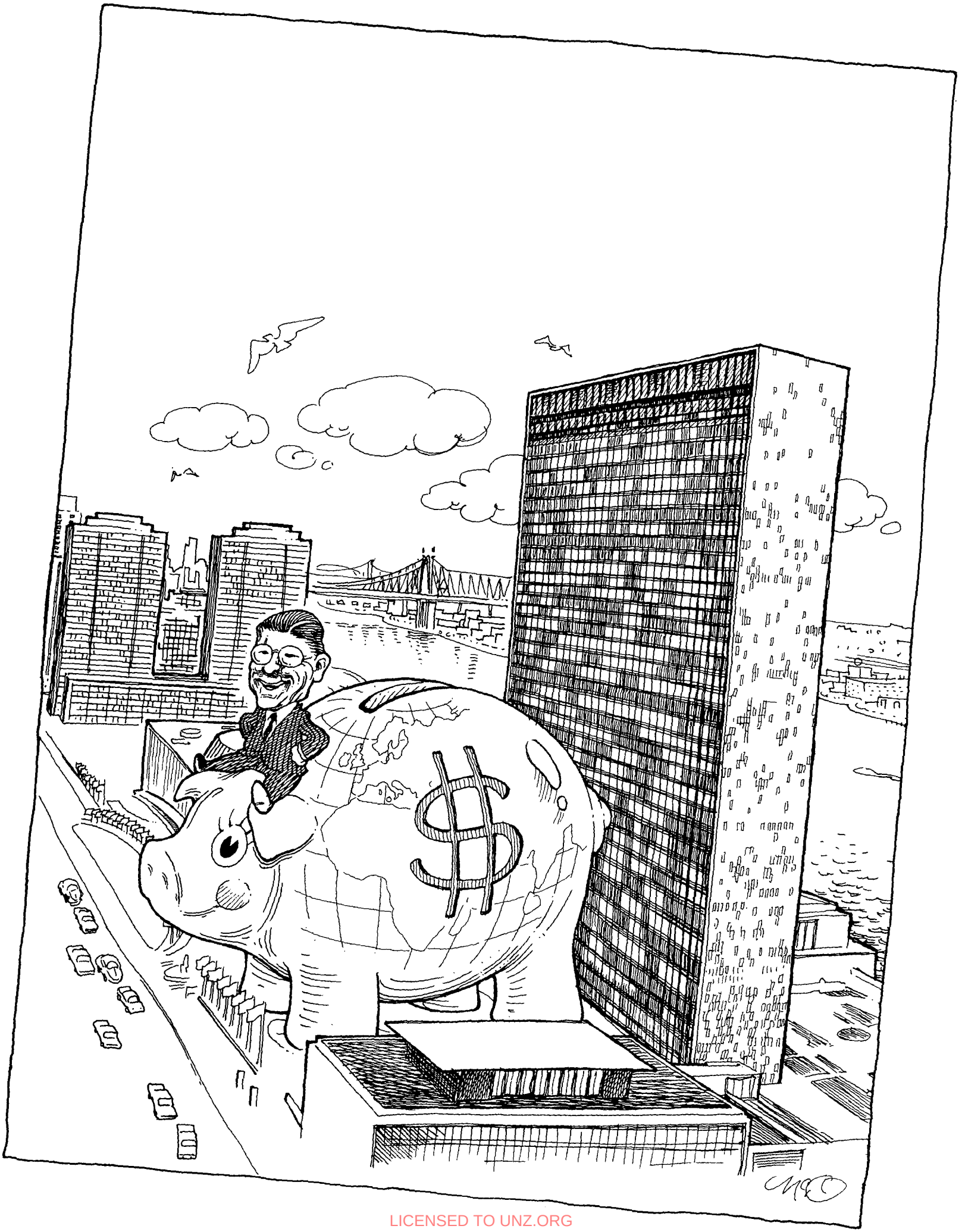

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The multinationals, as always, have a friend at the World Bank.

McNAMARA'S PIGGY BANK

By Nicholas von Hoffman

THE WORLD BANK SPENT THE first three decades of its existence in near perfect anonymity. For all anyone knew, it was a large, hollow, ceramic pig with a slit in its back located in New York's United Nations Plaza. Then in 1977 all kinds of people began blowing spitballs at this international institution to which the United States contributes more than $2 billion a year.

That the pay and perks are too high is the gist of the complaint. At least 350 of the bank's 2000 professional employees make more than a congressman. This fact prompted Senator Hubert Humphrey, a man not known to begrudge his fellows an extra crust of bread, to complain to his 99 colleagues, "One employee of the U.S. government was earning $38,000 a year when he accepted a job with the World Bank as executive director. And do you know what? His income jumped . . . to $74,060 a year."

Congress ordered the executive director's salary cut back to a more seemly 50 grand. What may have ticked people off (everybody from *U.S. News & World Report* to the *Christian Science Monitor* has been printing complaining stories) was UPI's revelations about those Concorde flights, nearly 600 of them this year at $1683 per round-trip voyage as compared to $678 via jet coach. The wire service story explained, "The bank defends the Concorde's use, saying the reduced flight time means fewer man-hours spent in flight and therefore saves money. But a Senate investigator who has examined bank practices terms this rationale 'as phony as it can be.' He says, 'No one else in the government, no matter how important their mission, flies the Concorde.' " Without even counting the free trips accorded staff members' spouses, the *Wall Street Journal* calculated that the bank's air travel bill was almost $2 million higher than it need have been because of the predilection for first-class travel.

For these criticisms, Robert Strange McNamara, the World Bank's president at $115,000 per year, should take much of the blame. It is this former president of the Ford Motor Company, this former Kennedy-Johnson secretary of defense, who has gone hither and yon talking as though he were a global social worker and his bank an international settlement house, if not an instrument of universal redemption. But perhaps a man who is the head of an institution that made loans and commitments to projects around the world well in excess of $7 billion in fiscal '77 has a reason to don the Geneva tabs and say things like

> The parable of the talents is a parable about power—about financial power—and it illuminates the great truth that all power is given to be used, not to be wrapped in a napkin against risk. . . . The most important ingredient of all—the dedication, the drive, the determination to see the task through—is, I believe, within reach. If development becomes a social as well as an economic objective, if it aims squarely at an end to grinding poverty and gross injustice, I believe it has a constituency waiting for it among the emerging generation of young adults. These young men and women are looking for goals beyond personal affluence. Development is surely a challenge that can command their dedication, provided it is concerned not simply with goods and gadgets but with self-respect and dignity.

Prototypical McNamara. He used the same language about the Vietnamese War when he was running it for Lyndon Johnson. Not holier-than-thou, but worthier than thou; ever since he got out of the car business, he has had to think of whatever mischief he was up to as the Lord's work of cosmic salvation. Poverty fighters are not supposed to live so high on the hog. They are supposed to exist admirably in abject and straitened circumstances, a phrase that does not describe Robert the Strange's office atop the World Bank building in Washington. If he is not concerned with the "goods and gadgets" upon which the lesser and poorer fasten their cupidity, it may be because he has everything already. His offices aren't merely luxurious, they are majestic—marble floors; a hall outside his office door 30- or 40-feet high, paneled entirely in wood; chandeliers; the expensive Oriental rug on top of the very best, deep pile, wall-to-wall. It is hard to imagine a more impressively comfortable place in which to fight "grinding poverty and gross injustice."

For the ministers of finance from half the countries in the world who must come crawling into those offices beneath the chandeliers, it may come as a jolt to learn that the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (to give the

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World Bank its official name) has consecrated itself to such laudable goals. Its origins were less pretentious.

The bank's beginnings go back to World War II and the economic planning going on in Washington for the day of peace. The experience of the 1930s had convinced people in power in both the public and private sector that foreign trade was indispensable to prosperity. "So far as I know, no group which has studied this problem, and there have been many, as you know," then Assistant, later Secretary of State Dean Acheson told a House committee in 1944, "has ever believed that our domestic markets could absorb our entire production under our present system."

The bank was to help the American export of goods and money. That same year Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau put it this way: "The chief purpose of the Bank for International Reconstruction and Development is to guarantee private loans made through the usual investment channels. It would make loans only when these could not be floated through the normal channels at reasonable rates." Note that the eleemosynary urges which were to lay hold of Robert the Strange were entirely absent. The bank was to be a business proposition, a fact surely reflected in the appointment of its first president, Eugene Meyer, former Federal Reserve chairman, multimillionaire and owner of the *Washington Post*, which his daughter, Katherine Graham, still controls. He was succeeded by Wall Street lawyer John McCloy, who was followed by Eugene R. Black, a vice president of the Rockefeller-connected Chase (not yet Manhattan) Bank. Then, preceding McNamara, came George D. Woods of the First Boston Corporation, a Rockefeller-Mellon joint venture.

The problem these men of the immediate postwar period had to surmount was this: If the United States had all the money in the world and all the productive capacity, as it nearly did, with what currency were foreigners going to buy our exports? To answer that question, twin and complementary organizations were established, the aforementioned World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. Voting power in both institutions is in proportion to how much money each member nation subscribes, so that they are controlled by the United States and to a lesser extent by the other wealthy nations.

The IMF was to lend money on a short-term basis, first of all to prevent the kind of terrible runs on other nations' currencies as has happened to the English pound, and, God bless us, the American dollar itself. The World Bank was to make the long-term loans needed, not to staunch a bleeding wound inflicted by a terrible balance of payments, but for capital investment, for spending money to rebuild the productive capacities (and therefore the trading powers) of the major prewar capitalist nations. (The only Communist nation to become a significant borrower has been Yugoslavia.)

In due course, prosperity returned to the traditional industrial powers. West Germany, for example, which was traumatized forever in the 1920s by runaway inflation, managed its money so that today the mark is considered sounder than the no longer very sound dollar. The blunders and empty-headed optimisms of the central bankers, who orchestrate the perpetual shrinkage in the purchasing power of most currencies, has kept the IMF busy in Europe to this day. But the World Bank, for the most part, has withdrawn from Europe and Japan to concentrate on those parts of the world where live the poor people over whom Robert the Strange weeps as he does his Walrus and the Carpenter act.

The distinction between IMF short-term lending and World Bank long-term lending is a fluid one at best. When these activities have to be carried on outside the social and political matrix of a technologically advanced, capitalist nation, the whole matter gets muzzier. The money must be lent not only to enable nations to carry out agreed-upon proposals, but also to influence and force these nations' policies in a certain direction. The World Bank is not in the business of financing proletarian socialism or any other form of political economy that the great investment houses of New York would consider dangerously aberrant.

If we are learning that there can be a dozen definitions of communism—Eurocommunism, Stalin-Lenin communism, Sino- or Yugo- or Cambodian-communism—we are somewhat slower to appreciate that the same holds true of private enterprise, especially as it flourishes in various cultures among different people with different natural resources and histories. Since the end of World War II, America, a nation which spent the better part of a century building up its industries by high tariff protectionism, has preached free trade and demanded an open door for American goods and American capital investment. Other national governments have decided it is disadvantageous to them to leave the door ajar, so that the Americans can push their way in. Where the door is locked, the fund and the bank have often served as crowbars to jimmy it open.

IN ESSENCE, THIS IS THE ROLE the bank played in India. By the fall of 1957, India was so deeply in debt that Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru was asking the United States for a loan of a half-billion dollars or more. Default is a very serious matter, not only because it can lead a desperate country toward debt renunciation—the ultimate anathema practiced only by the Fidel Castros of this world—but because it can cause chaos and disruption in the flow of raw materials and commodities from the distressed country as well as imperil or lessen the value of foreign investments in the defaulting nation. So the United States chose the World Bank to put together what was called the All-India Consortium, composed of the bank itself plus Canada, Japan, Britain, West Germany, and the United States, the five nations with whom India had placed orders for very large amounts of merchandise. Obviously, these countries had an interest in keeping the government of the subcontinent at least semisolvent.

Using the bank or the IMF as lending agent for the combined creditors prevents a nation in India's predicament from borrowing from, say, Japan, to pay off Canada. Japan and the other countries involved are interested in extending credit in this kind of situation only to provide a market for their own manufactured goods. That's the reason that pure foreign "aid," unfettered and unqualified, seldom can be found. Most aid is "tied," as the international money men say, meaning the providing country limits how it can be spent. The World Bank took this occasion to tell India she wasn't living right and to make the line of credit dangled in front of her contingent on eliminating barriers against importation of foreign capital.

Restrictions on shipping the profits from foreign investments out of the country were loosened and the direction of policy was changed to encourage outsiders to become partners in local businesses. Austerity measures were undertaken. Importation of consumer goods was, in effect, prohibited; but as other countries have learned, this doesn't neces-

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sarily work. The components of such goods are often shipped into the country unassembled but at a higher cost, so that in the end the foreign currency drain on the local economy is worse than it was before austerity.

The next crisis, toward the end of the 1960s, found the bank luring and leveraging India into more concessions by promising a $900 million loan. The bank demanded what it and the IMF often demand of financially troubled nations—a devaluation of the currency and an end to all import controls. Such policies are supposed to make the country's exports cheaper, stimulating larger sales; at the same time, since the home country's currency is worth less abroad, imports should be discouraged and payments brought into balance. The upshot of the affair was that the bank eventually came through with $465 million, not the $900 million promised, prompting one legislator to cry out to Indira Gandhi, "You sold the country and have not even got the price."

The World Bank has been involved in even more controversial undertakings, such as its effort to nullify the nationalization of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company by the government of Prime Minister Mohammed Mossadegh. The Iranians, after having chased the English out of their oil fields, were growing short of both cash and a means of refining and marketing their most valuable export commodity. The bank moved in with a promise of money on the condition that British technicians be brought back into the oil fields. The bank also proposed an agreement that would have made it a conduit for channeling oil profits back to good old Anglo-Iranian. This intervention proved so popular that in December 1951 crowds protesting the bank's activities rioted for three days in Tehran. Iran chose pride over money, as will sometimes happen, so the CIA moved in to foment a chain of events that secured the present, not universally adored shah on the peacock throne; Dr. Mossadegh was hanged.

The bank also played a leading role in the effort to arrange financing for the construction of the Aswan High Dam, which eventually was built with Russian money. Originally, the money was to come from the World Bank, the United States, and Egypt's recently removed colonial master, the United Kingdom; but after a happy and hopeful beginning, Egypt and the three putative lenders began to quarrel. First, there was the Egyptian preference for having a West German firm do the engineering and construction. The Americans demanded "competitive bidding," which probably translates into a piece of the action. Next came the decision by the lenders to deliver the loan in two portions, turned over at different times, which President Gamal Nasser took to be a device for ensuring his good behavior. In Anglo-American eyes Nasser's behavior was anything but good. He extended diplomatic recognition to Red China, which won him no love in Washington; he encouraged the Algerians who were dedicated to evicting their French colonial bosses, thereby endearing himself to Paris; and finally, he got to Prime Minister Anthony Eden by encouraging the Jordanians to toss out the English commander-in-chief of their army, a blimp of the old school named Lieutenant-General Sir John Bagot Glubb Pasha. As Anthony Nutting, a subcabinet official, remembered:

> For Eden . . . this was the last straw. . . . This reverse, he insisted, was Nasser's doing. . . . Nasser was our Enemy No. 1 in the Middle East and he would not rest until he had destroyed all our friends and eliminated the last vestiges of our influence. . . . Nasser must therefore be . . . destroyed.

Instead Eden destroyed himself by leading Britain into a joint invasion of Egypt with France and Israel, which dismayed President Eisenhower and the warlike Americans so much they insisted the allies withdraw from Egypt lest they conquer it and have to figure out what to do with it.

The main work of the World Bank isn't so visible, although if more people knew about it, it might be as controversial as the well-publicized dispute over the Aswan dam. It consists of hundreds of loans to specific railroad, pipeline, port facilities, and many other kinds of projects all over the Third World. Many of them are financed by low-interest and no-interest loans, but since a vast amount of the money goes toward building facilities necessary for shipping raw materials to the factories of the industrial nations, these loans can hardly be considered gifts. In fact, when the World Bank lends money to a nation to build a road or dredge a port, Robert the Strange's institution is re-creating the pattern he is familiar with back home where private sector capitalists demand that such things be built for them by the public sector—i.e., other taxpayers, who may enjoy only the most tenuous and indirect benefits from any of these projects.

ALTHOUGH THE BANK HAS A staff of technical experts that is supposed to ensure that the bank's undertakings are practical, many of its projects are accused of being worthless or actually counterproductive. Water storage dams in Thailand, for example, are said to have been constructed without any thought as to the social, economic, and political obstacles of creating a usable irrigation system that will actually deliver water to a farm so that a farmer can grow a grain of rice. The bank is likewise accused of using money power to foster a capital-intensive, energy-intensive, high-technology agriculture—an approach that, in some parts of the world, distorts income distribution and encourages a fatal dependency on expensive foreign fuel and machinery that can never be paid for.

The bank's projects are so numerous, so diffuse, and located in so many different countries that have so little in common, no one person can make a truly informed judgment on their overall worth. Moreover, if all the criticisms are true, it doesn't follow that, absent the bank, these Third World nations would be much more materially advanced than they are now. The bank's lending appears to have been conservative and often tied to projects like railroad and hydroelectric plants, which have, in fact, been paying back the loans. Compare that to the horrendously reckless lending by the big private U.S. banks to many of the same countries. While much of the World Bank's loan portfolio is thought to be at least okay, the guesstimated $180 billion lent by private institutions is considered so shaky that organizations like the World Bank may be forced to cover them merely to prevent an international olly-olly-ox-in-free on debt.

The World Bank may have served India poorly while serving some Americans well. It may have, for a relatively small sum, enabled the American government to manipulate other governments and societies to supply certain American financiers and industrialists with raw materials, cheap labor, and extraordinary investment opportunities. What is a few billion for the World Bank, if it has enabled some great American multinationals (and those of us who indirectly profit from their profit) to make many times that much? With Robert the Strange playing the part of the self-deluded global nurse, we may have in this worthy weeper the perfect front man for an organization that may not do much for our moral self-esteem but may be a real pal on payday. ❑

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CALIFORNIA'S OWN POLITICAL POLICE

The OCCIB may be the beginning of a new, decentralized approach to political surveillance

BY BILL WALLACE

WHEN THE ORGANIZED Crime and Criminal Intelligence Branch, or OCCIB for short, was established in 1970 as a division of California's Department of Justice, its mission, as OCCIB's first annual report to the state legislature stated, was "controlling and suppressing organized crime in California." In its seven years of operation, the OCCIB has not taken credit for the arrest or prosecution of a single major underworld figure. However, that is undoubtedly because it has been busy with so many other, seemingly unrelated activities.

The nature of some of these activities is apparent from a lawsuit that has been filed by the American Civil Liberties Union of Northern California. In that suit, which was filed in 1976 in an attempt to force the OCCIB to release certain documents, the ACLU charges that "under the guise of investigating 'organized crime,' " agents of the OCCIB "conduct surveillance of, spy on, and engage in covert activities with respect to a wide variety of perfectly lawful behavior by organizations and individuals, including the activities of political and social organizations. . . ."

Furthermore, alleges the ACLU,

> the OCCIB is the central coordinating agency for a nationwide network of law enforcement officers and the departments known as the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit (LEIU) . . . for the purpose of gathering, recording, investigating and exchanging information not available through regular police channels on individuals and organizations which are or were, in the view of LEIU members, in some way related to "organized crime."

The director of the OCCIB, Charles E. Casey, of course dismisses such charges. "Some people think we're just sitting around here collecting everything we can get our hands on," he said in a recent interview, "but that's not true. All we're interested in are things which are considered criminal." In his most recent testimony before the state legislature, he emphasized his support of OCCIB's "mandate" to fight "organized crime in the state of California."

The basic problem here would seem to be one of semantics. For, as the annual report already mentioned points out, "The OCCIB definition of organized crime encompasses all those elements which are usually associated with the classical definition and also includes the activities of organized burglars, forgers, revolutionary groups who make war upon our society by force and violence, and the criminal activities of the militant."

In other words, it seems clear from the organization's own statements, the OCCIB is, at least in part, a Red Squad, in the business of investigating and collecting information of political dissidents. It is also apparent from the organization's own documents, as well as from other sources, that the OCCIB has extended itself far beyond the borders of California. Taken as a whole, the facts now available about the OCCIB activities raise the distinct possibility that it may be the prototype of a new, low-profile, decentralized, but still nationally-coordinated approach to the surveillance of political dissidents.

DESPITE ITS PUBLIC emphasis on crimes, the OCCIB has been deeply involved in political intelligence operations since its creation. As the unit's first confidential annual report, *Organized Crime in California* (dated 1972), flatly states, "this unit is responsible for all intelligence relating to revolutionaries—individuals or groups who disrupt government through the use of force and/or violence. It gives SDS and Jerry Rubin as examples of such revolutionaries. Other major intelligence targets listed in the 1972 report include the Black Panther Party, the Black Liberation Army, and the Brown Berets (a Los Angeles-based Chicano group). In fact, according to the same report, one entire section of OCCIB was assigned to do nothing more than collect and analyze information on "subversives" and civil disorders.

It is clear that many of the individuals investigated by OCCIB during this

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period were of interest only because of their political orientation and activities. Subjects under investigation included: Joan Baez, who the index said had "contributed $10,000 to the purchase of the People's Union Commune"; Sal [*sic*] Alinsky, "a known Communist"; Ruth Helen Baker, "Tri-County advocate for the Prisoners' Union"; Cesar Chavez, who, the index noted, was "trying to organize farmworkers"; Rene [*sic*] Davis, "connected with the Evict Nixon Campaign in Washington, D.C."; Angela Davis, who had "hired a flamboyant lawyer to draw attention to her trial"; Mary Lou Greenberg, a "pro-Communist"; Vincent Hallinan, "a Bay Area radical"; Ilona Hancock, who had a "possible involvement with the American Reparations Committee"; Thomas Hayden, "on the planning committee for SDS"; and William Kunstler, who had "called for a mass demonstration against the prison system."

The 1974 report demonstrates that the OCCIB is still conducting political investigations, but with a new public justification. Possibly in response to the unfavorable publicity resulting from revelations of domestic spying by the FBI and CIA, OCCIB stopped calling its targets "revolutionaries," "subversives" and "militants," and began calling them "terrorists":

> The pattern of dissent has changed in the last few years from conditions of popular non-violent civil disobedience to the state of applied terrorist tactics. . . . We are left with smaller groups of a disciplined and potentially more dangerous nature. The ability of law enforcement investigative services to penetrate the small, mobile and well-structured terrorist organizations is becoming increasingly more difficult.

Another problem for the OCCIB would seem to be in identifying the terrorists. "Most individuals who are members of California-based terrorist groups," says an OCCIB report, "feel that there are no redeeming features under our present system of government. Others are highly critical of the role of U.S. corporations, U.S. foreign policy, the activities of intelligence agencies, or the plight of ethnic minorities."

In late 1974, OCCIB says it collected intelligence on members of the Venceremos Brigade, on the belief that they had secretly "received training in the use of weapons, explosives and the employment of guerrilla tactics" while on cane-cutting visits to Cuba. "Former Venceremos Brigade members," OCCIB's confidential 1974 annual report asserted, "seem to align themselves with violence-oriented organizations upon their return."

In 1975 OCCIB branded all prison reform organizations "effective conduits of terrorist-type activities." The unit openly announced that the United Prisoners' Union was a criminal intelligence target because it was "dominated by the Venceremos Underground," and thus, somehow, related to the Symbionese Liberation Army.

In mid-1977, court records show, police undercover agents for two Southern California sheriff's departments infiltrated the Abalone Alliance, a nonviolent California antinuclear group, in order to collect "criminal intelligence." Once inside, the agents helped set the group up for a mass arrest during a demonstration at the Diablo Canyon nuclear reactor in Southern California. Following the arrests, one agent even penetrated the group's legal defense committee and passed information on defense strategy back to local prosecutors.

OCCIB officials deny playing a direct role in the infiltration, but agency records reveal that the officer in charge of the operation, Captain George Bregante of the Santa Barbara County Sheriff's Department, is head of the OCCIB-affiliated regional intelligence unit in the area. Significantly, OCCIB contract documents show that Bregante has been listed as guest lecturer for an OCCIB course on how to deal with terrorists, "particularly . . . groups operating under the cover of a legitimate front . . . or legal activity." The course, incidentally, emphasizes "a proactive" approach to dealing with the problem of terrorist groups, including units on "alternatives to prosecution," "covert operations," and "countermeasures" to be used against them.

In 1976, according to testimony before a congressional committee by OCCIB Director Casey, OCCIB agents had infiltrated the United Farm Workers, who were then attempting to organize agricultural fieldworkers in California. And in recent interviews with this reporter, OCCIB officials have bragged about other groups that they have targeted. William Medigovich, a criminal intelligence analyst for OCCIB, said that "one of our men" participated in the arrest of the six members of the New Dawn communist bookstore collective in the Bay Area in 1976. Casey himself told me that OCCIB agents are investigating the Jewish Defense League in the Los Angeles area.

The OCCIB is still conducting political investigations, but with a new public justification. Possibly in response to the unfavorable publicity resulting from revelations of domestic spying, OCCIB started calling its targets "terrorists" rather than "subversives."

AS A DIVISION OF THE California Attorney General's office, the OCCIB is itself relatively small. It employs about 80 law enforcement professionals and 40 clerical workers, and has a budget of some $2.4 million annually, not including grants of several more millions from federal agencies such as the LEAA. However, these figures do not begin to suggest the scope or influence of the organization. In the first place, the OCCIB is affiliated with intelligence agents at police departments, district attorneys' offices and sheriffs' departments all over the state of California through its network of 16 Regional Intelligence Units (RIUS). This network gives OCCIB hundreds of additional legmen for domestic spying.

But OCCIB is tied not only to West Coast RIUS: In fact, it is the nucleus of a rapidly expanding network of criminal intelligence units operating all over the North American continent.

For example, OCCIB is the main control station and clearinghouse for the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit (LEIU), a national association of criminal intelligence units from more than 225 different police forces located in the United States and Canada. LEIU was established in 1956 as a supplement to the FBI's national crime information center for intelligence on organized crime, and its files contain dossiers on more than 3600 "organized crime figures" and roughly 19,000 of their "associates." The OCCIB is responsible for maintaining and collating all of

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LEIU's criminal intelligence files and disseminating information from the system to member police agencies in response to their inquiries.

According to Director Casey, the OCCIB is responsible for reproducing the five-by-eight-inch index cards on which all LEIU intelligence is summarized for its member agencies. OCCIB also publishes biweekly analytical bulletins based on information collected by LEIU affiliates, and it directs member police agencies requesting information to the LEIU department which maintains the particular file they need.

LEIU, like OCCIB itself, has been harshly criticized for collecting information unrelated to criminal activities. Charles Marson, a Stanford law professor who works with the ACLU, calls LEIU "a data system which links what used to be called the red squad files of nearly every major city in the nation as well as some in Canada." Investigative reporter George O'Toole, in a December 1976 article in *Penthouse* magazine, called the LEIU "the skeleton of a national police force that is also, in essence, a vigilante organization." O'Toole wrote: "Its power is considerable and its potential threat to our freedom is enormous."

Whether LEIU is as ominous as its critics make it out is something we may never know. Although members of the organization are policemen, doing LEIU business during working hours, the LEIU maintains that it is a private organization. Because of this legal fiction, the public has no legal right of access to the information in its files. Whatever it is that those files contain, it will soon be computerized by OCCIB under a grant from the LEAA.

Because of its size, sophistication, and existing relationship with LEIU, OCCIB has also been selected by the federal government to set up an Interstate Organized Crime Index, which will be a high-speed electronic criminal intelligence file containing all the intelligence data in the regular LEIU index cards —and more. The computerized system will ultimately cost more than a million dollars, and will, according to LEAA funding agreements released recently under the Freedom of Information Act, "enhance the quality of organized crime investigation by providing immediate information on organized crime subjects [and] an on-line, interstate information coordination and directory for law enforcement agencies."

THESE FEDERALLY SUBsidized data banks are only a part of the OCCIB's role in what appears to be a growing national espionage network. Since 1972, the federal government has spent nearly $3 million to help OCCIB establish a national training academy for police intelligence officers from all over North America. The academy, called the Western Regional Organized Crime Training Institute (WROCTI), was founded in order to spur the creation of local-level intelligence units in police agencies around the country. According to a 1977 *Report on the Activities of WROCTI*, drafted for LEAA prior to the academy's establishment, "Criminal Intelligence units were generally designed without the benefit of formal guidance or expertise in the field. . . . This problem was further complicated by the lack of properly trained personnel to staff the units."

Since 1972, the federal government has spent nearly $3 million to help OCCIB establish a national academy for police intelligence officers from all over North America. The curriculum includes using informants, surveillance, and a course on urban terrorism.

The curriculum at WROCTI includes courses in the use of informants and undercover agents, electronic and photographic surveillance, techniques of intelligence collection and analysis, and a course on urban terrorism.

Despite the emphasis on "organized crime" in the academy's name, its faculty is largely recruited from the ranks of veteran military intelligence officers and civil disorder management experts. For example, Kenneth Grathwohl, an instructor in the urban terrorism course, is a former U.S. Army paratrooper who, as a WROCTI document observed, "is recognized as the only known infiltrator of the 'Weathermen faction.' He is invaluable as an example of an informer who has successfully operated undercover." Some others: Stewart Duncan, who "spent 13 months in Vietnam as counterintelligence team commander and is an active member of the 14th Counterintelligence Team, U.S. Marine Corps"; Walter R. Harper, an instructor in the intelligence collection and analysis courses and the urban terrorism class, who formerly worked for the Army Special Operations Research Office developing counterinsurgency plans for Malaya, the Philippines, and South Vietnam; and James Stinson, a former Green Beret counterinsurgency expert and communications specialist with a Top Secret cryptographic security clearance issued by the National Security Agency.

There are indications that WROCTI may be the first step in a new approach to organizing the intelligence resources of local law enforcement agencies on a national level. At least one other regional training center, in Dade County, Florida, is being established. The Dade County school is also funded by LEAA in order to "achieve standardization" in criminal intelligence collection and analysis on a national basis. According to LEAA documents released under the Freedom of Information Act this year, the Dade County program has closely paralleled the OCCIB program due to an exchange of ideas during the early developmental stages of both programs. . . . To achieve standardization, we propose semi-annual meetings with the Dade County staff, an open exchange of all course material and possibly the exchange of selected instructors.

Although Dade County's curriculum lags behind that of OCCIB in course development, that fault will doubtless soon be corrected: The Eastern academy has retained the services of Anacapa Sciences Incorporated, a consulting firm located in Santa Barbara, California. Anacapa Sciences, under grants from LEAA, has worked extensively with OCCIB in developing criminal intelligence analysis and urban terrorism classes, and the company is currently involved in the development of OCCIB's automated criminal intelligence filing system.

Although OCCIB's intelligence training center has been in existence as a national school only since 1975, the school has already graduated 3295 police intelligence officers. A total of 499 of these specialists came from police agencies in 30 states outside

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California, as well as from Canada.

This has the obvious potential for creating a network of tens of thousands of police intelligence agents around the country who can help each other spy on whatever targets they deem appropriate. As the funding proposal says, WROCTI is designed "to promote and assist in the development, coordination and operation of regional, interregional and national Organized Crime Investigative Units." Or as Casey puts it, "These training courses have been a major step in the right direction as far as we're concerned. This has really shown some of these guys how it's done."

LEAA documents reveal that OCCIB maintains a $150,000 pool of "loaner" surveillance gear for member departments, including 36 miniature microphones, 14 surveillance transmitters and receivers, 2 beacon transmitters and an electronic tailing system, 6 miniature cameras and a $10,000 mobile observation post which "can be outfitted with special surveillance equipment and . . . used in covert investigations." Additional LEAA funding is intended to help OCCIB develop "equipment which is available commercially but which is either too expensive to be acquired by local law enforcement or too complicated to be operated by the average officer. For example, tailing systems with beeper transmitters, and antennas and receivers for tracking by vehicle or on foot." OCCIB's August 1976 confidential annual report shows that 167 different city, county, state, and federal police agencies borrowed 1647 pieces of equipment from the branch's specialized equipment pool in 1975 alone.

GIVEN OCCIB'S PAST AND present political intelligence operations, it is easy to predict the orientation of the police intelligence agents that will be trained and equipped. It is also easy to imagine what kind of "criminal intelligence" will pass between them on the computerized national data network OCCIB is setting up. OCCIB is both the nucleus and prototype of a new national political police force—one that is capable of stepping into the vacuum left by the withdrawal of the FBI, CIA, and military intelligence services from the domestic security field following years of criticism from civil libertarians and the Congress.

The Northern California ACLU is not the only group that has noted this potential threat to civil liberties. The California Legislative Analyst's office, a sort of General Accounting Office for the state, has also criticized OCCIB for its political espionage activities and seeming inability to mobilize against real organized crime in the state. In 1973, the first year that the Legislative Analyst's office issued a detailed report on the agency, the analyst's staff wrote:

> In our 1971–1972 analysis, we noted that the Organized Crime program was concentrating most of its attention on dissident militant groups, motorcycle gangs, bombing of public buildings and investigation of campus uprisings. According to the element's first annual report, the focus of the program has not changed. While we acknowledge that the kinds of activities need monitoring, they do not constitute the type of "organized crime" activity for which the unit was established.

Despite this strong criticism and call for reform, the Legislative Analyst's office found that little had changed when it reevaluated OCCIB in 1976. The analyst's staff wrote:

> In 1971 and again in 1973, we criticized the program [OCCIB] for a general lack of accomplishment and for appearing to center most of its efforts on militant groups and motorcycle gangs, rather than on the traditional organized [crime] activities for which it was established. Again we see no demonstrable evidence that the branch has been responsible for eliminating any significant organized crime operations and believe that it should be terminated unless it can demonstrate accomplishments.

NEVERTHELESS, AS this account should indicate, the OCCIB continues to flourish and expand. Partly, the OCCIB's good fortune seems to stem from its political connections. Evelle Younger, the unit's creator and, as attorney general of California, ultimate overseer, is one of the most powerful and popular Republicans in the state, and, incidentally, one of Governor Edmund G. Brown Jr.'s chief rivals in next year's gubernatorial elections. Perhaps more significantly, OCCIB's director, Charles E. Casey, is married to Governor Brown's sister. Whether this familial tie—or perhaps simply Brown's basic support for the activities of the agency—has protected OCCIB from its critics, remains to be seen. The ACLU of Northern California says it will send Brown a letter asking him to make clear his position on the OCCIB by either approving or disapproving its operating expenses before the next California budget goes to the legislature.

Meanwhile, the continued existence of the OCCIB raises problems that extend well beyond the borders of California. The major concern of many observers is that the OCCIB may be an example of a new approach to the surveillance of political dissidents that has traditionally been carried out by federal agencies such as the FBI and CIA. Due to the increased scrutiny that these federal agencies have been receiving, they argue, it seems likely that an attempt is being made to pass on many of the same investigative functions to local law enforcement agencies, which would then, through carefully established networks, pass information back to Washington.

Stanford Professor Charles Marson is one who shares these fears. "Certainly," he says, "it is a definite possibility. As a result of Watergate, the FBI and related agencies are under far closer scrutiny than the OCCIB." And, as he points out, it would not be unprecedented for the federal investigative agencies to use local law enforcement agencies to perform tasks which they are unable to do. As an example, he cites the manner in which the FBI for years used local agencies to supply them with evidence which they could not legally obtain under a Supreme Court decision called the "Exclusionary Rule." Under this rule, federal agencies were forbidden from using in court any evidence which they had obtained illegally. However, since for years the decision was not applied to state and local law enforcement agencies, says Marson, the FBI encouraged the locals to collect evidence in any way possible and to pass it along to Washington.

"I have no doubt," says Marson, "that they would be farming out jobs to local agencies today. We shouldn't forget that the OCCIB has, in fact, received a good deal of federal financing through LEAA."

The evidence that could prove or dispel fears such as these is at this point still unavailable. Perhaps it will come with a favorable ruling on the ACLU suit, which is still pending in court. However, that California's OCCIB has been for years engaging in political spying and that it is the center of a growing nationwide network of local law enforcement agencies—each of which is being equipped to perform similar activities—is at this point beyond question. ❑

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DECENT INTERVAL, by Frank Snepp. Random House, 580 pp., $14.95.

Memoirs of a frustrated spook

VICTOR MARCHETTI

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN A book is of more importance because of its political consequences than because of its substance. *Decent Interval* is such a book.

By writing his version of the Vietnam disaster in the face of threats by the CIA to censor his work, Frank Snepp has, perhaps unwittingly, done the American people a valuable service. And so has Random House for having had the courage to publish *Decent Interval* despite past pressures and financial penalties imposed on the firm by the U.S. government and the CIA for printing earlier critiques of that hallowed agency and its clandestine activities.

Snepp's memoirs make for disquieting albeit essential reading. In the first place, he reminds us brutally of the debacle in Vietnam, a sad episode in our history and one that most Americans would just as soon forget—although they shouldn't. Those CIA and other government officials most committed to the Vietnam adventure have attempted—and will continue attempting—to justify it with factual distortions, falsehoods, and even cover-ups—as long as they are permitted to hide behind "official secrecy."

Second, Snepp, a former CIA intelligence analyst, is not a hawk-turned-dove. He does not write from the perspective of a man who, having observed firsthand the horrors of the Indochina war, has come to see the folly and evil of our intervention in that small, squalid corner of Southeast Asia. Rather, he views the war from the position of a frustrated and angry present-day Cold Warrior, thereby telling us more (or at least differently) about the CIA's and U.S. government's unforgivable chicanery in their attempts to prop up the Saigon regime—a hapless conglomeration of corrupt politicians and warlords whom we so unwisely and persistently supported and tried to manipulate.

Third, and probably most important, Snepp has tossed a live grenade at the Department of Justice and the Carter administration. He has challenged the validity of the CIA's secrecy oath and has in this way and at the right time reopened a crucial issue for the public's consideration. He has done this when both the White House and Congress are preparing to emasculate the First Amendment by creating a set of new secrecy laws and regulations intended to gag all government employees, past and present, and to tether the news media more tightly.

DECENT INTERVAL IS A prolix, often tedious chronicle of the final years and days of the Vietnam conflict. It details ad infinitum all the blunders, goofs, and just plain idiocies committed by the CIA and U.S. government, which, blinded

CHRISTOPHER COREY

VICTOR MARCHETTI is a former CIA officer and an advocate of reform in the intelligence business. His book, The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence, *written with John Marks, is the only book ever to have been censored by the U.S. government prior to publication.*

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by a lust for power and an addiction to playing at the game of nations, evinced an incredible disregard for historical fact or common sense. The book is, however, rich in previously undisclosed anecdotes, on-the-scene color, and penetrating personal insights. It also contains some factual errors and misinterpretations of why and how certain policies were developed in, and conducted from, both the White House and CIA headquarters. And Snepp's highly self-centered style of writing is frequently annoying. But these deficiencies are of little consequence when balanced against the main thrust of his story.

Snepp's memoirs represent a dramatic, sometimes poignant, tale of the delusive fallacy of big power interventionism, whether through clandestine or military means, in the volatile evolution of nationalism in the Third World. It is a startling reminder of the reasons the United States should keep out of the internal political and social affairs of other nations. I think, however, this was not the message the author intended to convey to the reader.

Snepp is a "spook"—a Company man—and an unreconstructed hawk. To him, the lesson of Vietnam is not that we were morally wrong in our attempt to manipulate events there, but rather that we bungled the effort. Thus, he is now ready to blame everybody and anybody, except himself, for the failure in which he was so intimately involved. But he, too, must accept his share of the blame, just like all those he indicts: Henry Kissinger, Ambassador Graham Martin, and CIA Chief of Station Tom Polgar. Frank Snepp was no better than the people he served under.

The author joined the CIA in 1968, he says, to avoid the draft. It was at a time when many of his peers at Columbia University and elsewhere in student and intellectual circles were moving beyond mere vocal dissidence toward positive action in order to force the U.S. government to get the hell out of Vietnam. It was at a time when some older, wiser, and more experienced Vietnam hands, Daniel Ellsberg, for example, were slowly, although then still silently, turning away in disgust from the Indochina war. Thus, while public opinion was shifting in one direction, young Snepp was heading the opposite way. Later, he would become a full-fledged hawk and a man fascinated by the spy business. (He is still attracted to leather coats, handguns, and the other paraphernalia of the trade.) And, unfortunately, he would come to enjoy—far too much—his experiences in Vietnam. To this day he remains both a hawk and a Company man.

IN THE FOREWORD TO HIS book, Snepp writes, "There is (I hope) little in this book that will touch anyone's ideological nerve. By now most Americans have made up their minds about the rightness or wrongness of the Vietnam war, and the aptness of its ending. Instead of rehashing old arguments, I have attempted to set out the evidence as fairly and as objectively as I can, without malice, or favoritism. . . ." But that is not the tone or thrust of *Decent Interval*, which is instead a tortuous explanation of how the CIA and U.S. government lost a war they should have won.

That final point is made clear in the book's postscript, when Snepp reveals his true attitude toward the war. He refers to his book as a "damage report"—CIA idiom for a post-mortem review of an unsuccessful covert operation. Furthermore, he writes, "There are some who say . . . our policies were so flawed and ill-advised from the very beginning, they could only have produced a Communist victory." To which he comments, "I reject such logic. As a former intelligence officer, I must believe, perhaps naively, that right decisions . . . might have averted the outcome, or at least modified it."

I have heard similar comments and complaints in the agency from those who were involved in the Bay of Pigs and Cuban operations, from the old East European operatives of the Cold War, and more recently from some of the men connected with our clandestine intervention in Angola. And they always blamed somebody, usually the bureaucrats and politicians in Washington, for these operational failures. Perhaps, in a sense, they were correct. Nevertheless, being intelligence officers, they should have realized that the undertakings to which they ultimately became so emotionally attached were doomed to disaster from the beginning—because they were based on the false premise that the CIA, the president's covert instrument of foreign policy, could somehow "maintain the status quo" throughout the world.

Snepp is a Company man and an unreconstructed hawk. To him, the lesson of Vietnam is not that we were morally wrong in our attempt to manipulate events there, but rather that we bungled the effort.

Thus, I cannot readily sympathize with Snepp's frustration or anger over the defeat in the Indochina war.

Furthermore, the author's emotional attachment to Vietnam causes him to ignore the significance of the war's impact on his own nation, a common shortcoming of most CIA clandestine officers. While attempting to explain the Vietnam disaster in broader terms by referring to other U.S. foreign policy actions occurring at that time, Snepp seems only peripherally concerned about the fact that we lost 55,000 men and boys, to say nothing of those who were wounded or maimed in the jungle battlefields—or those pathetic souls who were otherwise scarred by their tours of duty there. Nor does he seem to care that the war cost us in excess of $150 billion, one of the root causes of our current economic difficulties. Nor does he even bother to consider the domestic turmoil—almost rebellion—that the Vietnam debacle caused in this, his own country, and that the Nixon administration exploited with the intent of destroying our democratic system. No, Snepp is a spook and a hawk—and a shortsighted one at that.

NEVERTHELESS, DESPITE my disagreement with Snepp's thesis and some of his motives for writing the book, I do believe that *Decent Interval* makes a worthwhile contribution to the growing body of literature on the Indochina war. It is a unique view to be studied and carefully

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He has committed no crime. Snepp has done only what high-level government officials and presidents do when they pen their self-serving memoirs for big money. Like other lower-level officials, he should be entitled to the same privilege.

considered by the public, for it further underscores one of the greatest sins ever visited upon the American people by an inept and arrogant government.

The true value of *Decent Interval,* however, is not its intriguing insights and revelations into the Vietnam blunder. The real contribution Snepp has made is the political confusion and dilemmas he has caused in Washington by challenging the government on the issue of official secrecy. Not only is he calling the CIA's bluff on the legality of its secrecy oath, which all officers take when entering on duty, he is forcing President Jimmy Carter to put up or shut up on his campaign pledge to conduct an open government.

That pledge has already been badly tarnished by President Carter's response to the disclosure earlier this year that King Hussein of Jordan had been a highly paid agent of the CIA for the past two decades. The president tried to quash the revelation by persuading leaders of the news media, on the grounds of national security of course, not to publish the information. When he failed (as President Ford had done before him on the matter of CIA assassination plots), Carter began to formulate new regulations and to support legislation that would enforce government secrecy—and discourage unofficial leaks—by the threat of criminal sanctions. The president has since responded similarly to other embarrassing exposures of the CIA as the clandestine tool of the White House when, for example, the agency was caught spying on the representatives of Micronesia (where's that?) and secretly intervening in the Angolan civil war. Thus, contrary to White House public relations rhetoric, President Carter is following the policy of his predecessors: Cover up, and lie if necessary, to protect the CIA. His style is disturbingly reminiscent of that of Nixon's pal John Mitchell, whose dictum was, Don't listen to what we say; watch what we do!

*NOW THE CARTER ADMIN*istration must find a way of dealing with Frank Snepp and those who will surely follow his lead. At least a few of the angry 800 operations officers currently being fired by the CIA will, like Snepp, be inclined to speak out critically on past clandestine failures.

At this very moment, Attorney General Griffin Bell is reportedly trying to determine if the CIA's secrecy oath is indeed a legal contract, binding in perpetuity, or whether one's (even an ex-CIA officer's) First Amendment right to free speech takes precedence over the agency's gimmick for keeping the American public ignorant of its covert foibles and failures, and those of the White House. Bell is also supposedly wrestling with the subject of classification and wondering just how valid the present arbitrary system is. Although it is clear that the government wants to prosecute Snepp in some manner as an example to other ex-CIA officers who might emulate him, Bell just does not quite know how to go about doing it.

(I find the attorney general's confusion rather ironical, if not amusing, since it was the contract and classification arguments that the government used so successfully in my trials of 1972 and 1974 regarding the publication of *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence.* The government won a lifetime injunction against me, forbidding me to write about intelligence "factual, fictional, or otherwise" without first submitting my material to the CIA for censoring. Fortunately, there are some loopholes in the court's order, one of which has permitted me to write this review. Although other former CIA officers, syndicated columnist Tom Braden for example, may comment on past covert operations like the agency's secret ownership of certain European newspapers, I cannot. The CIA forced the deletion of such material from my book. Thus, I was pleased to read in *Decent Interval* about the agency's clandestine relationships with Vietnamese labor leader Tran Quoc Buu and President Thieu, among others—material that was also censored from my book.)

TO MY MIND, SNEPP SHOULD not be prosecuted. He has committed no crime. He has simply done what high-level government officials and presidents do when they pen their self-serving memoirs for big money. Snepp and other working-level officials should be entitled to the same privilege, even if their writings are critical of the government's policies and practices. Ours is not yet a totalitarian government, but it is an elitist democracy—and becoming more so every year.

Also, what Snepp has done is essentially no different from "leaking," which is an established tradition in our government. Until recent years, however, leaking was the exclusive right of the elite in government, and the leaks themselves were almost always half-truths or clever distortions designed to influence or manipulate public opinion. Now, much to the consternation of those in power, leaking at the lower levels has become a weapon to keep the government honest by keeping the public informed. So, the government wants to make leaking—only at the lower levels, of course—a crime. And Snepp is a potential victim of this campaign.

By writing *Decent Interval*, Frank Snepp has proved once again what other former-insiders-turned-critics of the government have shown in the past. Official secrecy is not always employed to protect national security. As often as not, it is used to hide from the American public foolish or dangerous actions (already known to unfriendly governments) in order to prevent demands that they be canceled or changed. But such demands would be a concomitant of open government and popular democracy, and the elitists could not tolerate that either. Thus, secrecy—and public ignorance—must be sustained if the politicians and entrenched bureaucrats are to carry out their frequently questionable and sometimes criminal programs unhampered by the watchfulness of ordinary citizens. ❑

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PETERSBURG, by Andrei Bely. Indiana University Press, 357 pp., $17.50.

The Russian dichotomy

ROBERT P. HUGHES

THIS SECOND ENGLISH translation of *Petersburg* finally makes it possible to recognize Andrei Bely's great novel of 1913 as a crucial Russian instance of European modernist fiction. There was, of course, the longstanding advocacy by the late Vladimir Nabokov—who ranked *Petersburg* third in his list of twentieth-century prose masterpieces, with *Ulysses, Metamorphosis,* and "the first half of Proust's fairy tale"—and by others who could read the novel in the original Russian. Nonetheless, very few readers ever fully perceived its masterful narrative structure, its verbal wizardry, and the interplay of its various planes of meaning. In any case, a book like this takes years to reach readers beyond intellectual coteries and academic milieus.

Even most teachers of Russian literature—still awestruck by the achievements of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, limp with admiration of Chekhov, or impressed by the productions of socialist realism—were confounded by Bely's rejection of the conventions of the nineteenth-century realist novel and by his dazzling stylistic innovations. On another level, his attitude of open sarcasm toward both established authority and revolutionary conspiracy and terrorism alienated a good many others. For various reasons, then, critics have shown little interest in this novel. One recent exception is Robert Alter in his *Partial Magic* (1975), where *Petersburg* is a prime exhibit of what he calls the self-conscious novel, distinguished by contrivance and the flaunting of narrative devices.

Part of the difficulty arose, of course, because there was no adequate English translation of the work, so that even if professors of Russian literature could puzzle their way through the original, most of their students—and their more adventuresome colleagues with some interest outside their own fields—remained in the dark. The novel was first translated into English by John Cournos and was published by Grove Press in 1959. (German and French translations appeared in 1959 and 1967.) Whether by the translator or by the blue-pencilers at the editorial desk at Grove, the text was seriously disfigured. Cournos—the great and good friend of Dorothy L. Sayers at Oxford in the 1920s and the probable model for her Lord Peter Wimsey—was a native speaker of Russian and an experienced translator and writer in English by the time he did Bely's *Petersburg*, but something went seriously awry.

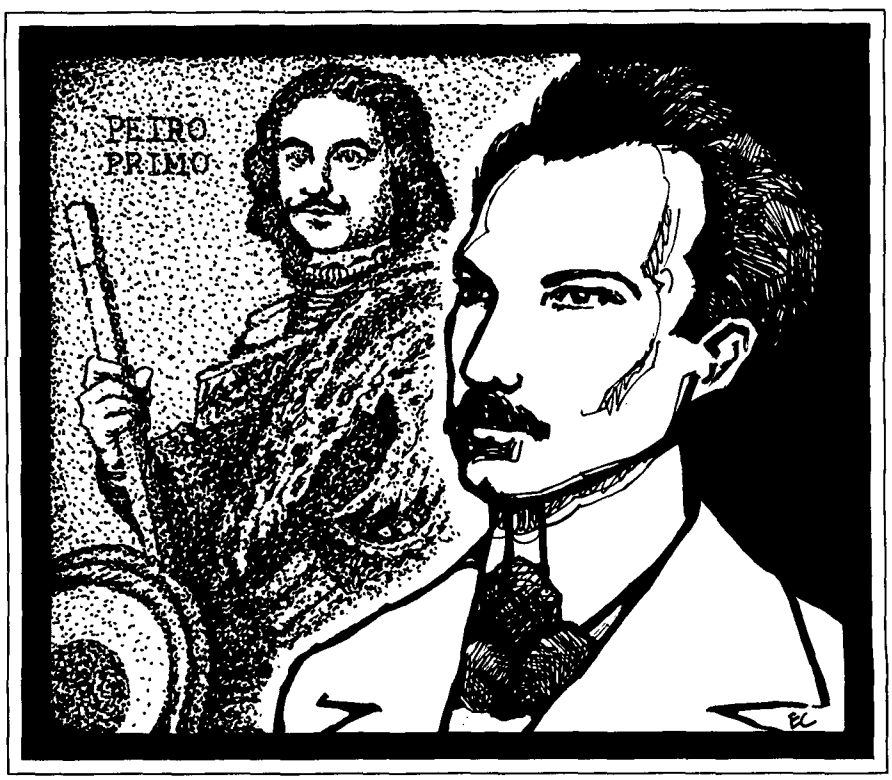
The prologue, with its comic and hollow grandiloquence, set the right tone, but then the obtrusive, manipulative narrator was virtually eliminated. Thus a significant aspect of the text disappeared, for Bely posits a Fielding-like manager of the narrative, which, in the manner of the eighteenth century, is replete with explanatory chapter and section titles, outright addresses to the reader laying bare the narrative devices, asides on the conventions of fiction, and so forth. Titles were altogether omitted when, in fact, each chapter and section should have been headed in the following fashion: "Chapter the First: in which an account is given of a certain worthy person, his mental games, and the ephemerality of being." The contrivances of the narration itself were smoothed over. (In the examples that follow, the passages in italics were missing in the Cournos translation and are restored in the new one.) Section 11 of Chapter the First concludes with "Suddenly . . . *But about suddenly, we shall speak later.*"

SECTION 13 BEGINS WITH AN address to the reader: " 'Suddenlys' are familiar to you. *Why, then, do you bury your head like an ostrich at the approach of the inexorable 'suddenly'?*"; and later continues: " *'It' feeds on cerebral play. It gladly devours all vileness of thought. And it swells up, while you melt like a candle. 'Suddenly,' like a fattened yet unseen dog, begins to precede you, producing in an observer the impression that you are screened from view by an invisible cloud. This is what your 'suddenly' is. . . . We left the stranger in that restaurant.* Suddenly he turned around."

A striking passage in the last section of the first chapter, which epitomizes Bely's narrative strategies, was abridged outrageously:

But the consciousness of Apollon Apollonovich is a shadowy consciousness because he too is the possessor of an ephemeral being *and the fruit of the author's fantasy:* unnecessary, idle cerebral play.

The author, having hung pictures of illusions all over, really should take them down as quickly as possible, breaking the thread of the narrative, if only



ED CRUGER

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with this very sentence. But the author will not do so: he has sufficient right not to.

Cerebral play is only a mask.

One of the more crippling linguistic mistakes of the Cournos translation was the use of "derelict" to translate the Russian *raznochinetz*, that is, an intellectual not of the gentry, historically often a member of the revolutionary intelligentsia of the 1860s. The new translation uses "upstart intellectual" and supplies the correct information in a note. It is important to retain the connotations (even if it means adding a footnote), for Bely always has the historical perspective in view.

The inadequacies of the first translation effectively prevented any proper recognition of the book's worth and importance. The situation was exacerbated by the ban on the novel and on any scholarship or criticism connected with it in the Soviet Union. The last (censored) edition was published in 1935, and the novel is unknown to the overwhelming majority of readers in the Soviet Union today. Small editions of the Russian text have been published in the West, but since it neither possesses sensationalist value nor speaks to the more immediate social, philosophical, or personal questions, as do the novels of Pasternak or Solzhenitsyn, there is little demand for it. All this has had a peculiar effect on the development of contemporary Russian writing. Imagine Joyce's *Ulysses* unpublished and unavailable for the last 40 years and the hobbling effect that would have on modern English-language literature.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS NOW A new critical edition of *Petersburg* has been languishing either at the publishers or the censorship office in Leningrad. All that has appeared are a few articles of a literary-historical nature, obvious offshoots of the work done in preparing the new edition. The official view of the novel is perhaps best expressed by the following statements from an authorized history of the literature of the beginning of the twentieth century:

> The theme of revolution appears in Bely's novel in a one-sided and sometimes false light. The synthetic image of the revolutionary elements is given in the gloomy leitmotif of the "October song" that drones on in space on a single deep note, "uuu-uuu-uu," a song which did not exist before and never will again, according to Bely's gloomy prophecy."

Since Bely in his pessimism rejected both reaction and revolution, the argument runs, he found himself in an impossible dilemma. The official view, of course, has only political criteria by which to judge a work of art, and in the Soviet Union that usually means a work is simply good or bad. Like many of his generation, the cliché has it, Bely failed to comprehend the onward march of history: "Yes, there were Azefs in Russian reality, but it was not they but the party of the proletariat which defined the course of the Russian revolution, and Bely was well aware of this."

Just how characteristic this is of the Soviet attitude can be seen by comparing the publication histories of *Petersburg* and of Dostoevsky's *The Possessed,* a novel that is also politically unacceptable and for many of the same reasons. There has never been a separate edition of *The Possessed* since the Revolution, and it was simply unavailable for some 30 years, between the printings in 1926 and 1957 of any collected edition of Dostoevsky's works.

It is a very Russian reflection on this colossus that bestrides two continents and the traditions of East and West.

As with *The Possessed* what has kept *Petersburg* on the Soviet blacklist is the author's treatment, comic and horrific, of revolutionary conspiracy and terrorist activities. With the reemergence of terrorism in the 1960s and 1970s, however, it may be precisely this theme that will attract a new generation of readers. There are interesting points of comparison with novels of this kind all the way from *The Possessed,* through Henry James's *Princess Casamassima,* Conrad's *Secret Agent* and his "Russian" novel, *Under Western Eyes,* to recent best-sellers by Paul Theroux and V. S. Naipul. They have in common a plague-on-both-your-houses attitude toward the terrorists and the Establishment, the mordant portrayal of seedy revolutionaries, a central female figure of radical chic, and, of course, a sensational, suspenseful, conspiratorial plot as the basic ingredient of the story line. (Bely's novel, to be sure, is stylistically very different from the realistic-naturalistic mode of the others.) It would have been very much to Walter Laqueur's point, for example, to have included a discussion of Bely's novel in his recent study, *Terrorism,* along with Dostoevsky, James, Conrad, and others.

THERE ARE SEVERAL OTHER aspects that make Bely's novel a work of absorbing interest. In the apocalyptic terms favored by the Russian symbolists, it is a kind of expressionistic portrayal of the decline and fall of imperial Russia and the violence that attended it. Further, it is one of those very Russian "historiosophical" reflections on the meaning of the past of this colossus (symbolized by the figure of Peter the Great) that bestrides two continents and the two traditions of West and East. It is Bely's great accomplishment that this underlying split becomes the controlling image for the whole novel: the historical dichotomy of Russian society is reflected in the impossible human relationships among the principal characters, the gap between the generations, and the Oedipal situation that leads to the violence of the exploding infernal machine at the climax of the novel.

For this musing on Russia's past and present, Bely employs a sequence of parodies on material from history, literature, music, and the visual arts. (Thus, reading this novel requires the same kind of awareness that *Ulysses* demands.) In a sense, Bely destroys the conventions of the nineteenth-century Russian novel through parody in order then to establish a new mode for Russian fiction. The influence of his brilliant narrative discoveries was short-lived, however. The violence portrayed in *Petersburg* and the revolution that Bely and his generation saw in the offing soon swept away both the old order and the possibility of building on the novel's great achievements.

The translators, Robert A. Maguire and John E. Malmsted, have performed a Herculean task extremely well. They have not only produced an accurate translation but have prepared a new edition (with emendations from earlier and later versions), based on Bely's revision of 1922. The introduction and the notes provide indispensable information. All in all, the volume is a model of careful scholarship and of sensitive responsibility toward the text. ❑

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THE PANAMA CANAL CONTROVERSY: U.S. Diplomacy and Defense Interests, by Paul B. Ryan. Hoover Institution Press, 198 pp., $5.95.

Imperial altruists?

WALTER LAFEBER

*AS THE DEBATE INTENSI-*fies over the new Panama Canal treaties, this book will doubtless become a key reference work for the antitreaty forces—possibly to the benefit of those who favor the agreements.

Not that Ryan's is an uninformed book, or a diatribe. The author is a seasoned naval officer, now retired, who was frequently stationed in Latin America. Having written this account in the congenial intellectual atmosphere of the Hoover Institution at Stanford University, Ryan avoids the demagogic crudities of a Ronald Reagan or a Strom Thurmond. His message is clear, precisely stated, and often repeated: The new treaties pose a fundamental danger to the United States because they open up the possibility of Castro and the Soviets dominating Panama. The Communists could then choke off vital U.S. military and commercial traffic from the Isthmus, thereby undermining our competitive position in world markets and severing us from our southern neighbors.

The domino theory is thus alive and well in Ryan's book (especially when the author quotes other retired military officers who oppose the treaties), and at times one fears Ryan is about to translate into prose those John Birch Society movies that show huge red blobs moving inexorably across Europe, Asia, and Latin America until they converge somewhere in Indiana. But he always stops short of this, and often writes with understatement and interesting subtlety. At the beginning, for example, he says the Canal Zone is "about 30 miles long, and, as advocates of a U.S. withdrawal frequently proclaim, 'cuts Panama in two.' " It is a nicely loaded phrase, and one suddenly wonders whether Ryan and others who oppose the treaties actually believe (1) that the treaties' supporters typically favor full U.S. withdrawal (they certainly do not), and (2) that the Canal Zone does *not* divide Panama (it certainly does).

THE BOOK ALSO DESERVES a close reading in order to understand how a trained historian can avoid confronting the history that shaped the present crisis with Panama. Ryan writes—to note one instance—that "Uncle Sam" took the canal in "orthodox imperialist style; but he found it difficult, if not impossible, to cast off the altruistic benevolence that has marked his foreign policy in greater or lesser degree throughout the twentieth century." Benevolence in American foreign policy has been mainly in the eye of American diplomatic historians and has not been perceived as such by either the "recipients" or the Washington officials who write policy memoranda. Ryan's argument is plausible only until the reader notes the total lack of any discussion of the Roosevelt corollary (1904–1905) to the Monroe Doctrine (which excused U.S. intervention in Latin America), or of the manner in which North Americans have too often exploited Central and South American economies.

Ryan argues that an especially good example of our "altruism" is the low tolls charged by the canal company since 1914. Other user nations, he laments, have not treated us with reciprocal compassion. In actuality, however, Congress has kept tolls low in order to subsidize U.S. shippers. And as canal revenue was kept to a minimum, so was the annuity paid Panama for the use of the waterway. The $2.3 million that Washington now rations out yearly is no more in real dollars than was the $250,000 it paid when the canal opened in 1914. All this Ryan calls "benevolence." Perhaps a more accurate term would be "exploitation."

He also fails to confront the lessons of Panama's history. Except for a few desultory paragraphs, the book ignores the story of how, from 1903 on, policy shaped the Panamanian political and economic systems, and by 1968 had helped bankrupt them. But only by understanding Panamanian history in that context can we begin to appreciate the nature and limitations of General Omar Torrijos's rule after 1968. Instead, Ryan begins his detailed analysis only in the 1970s; that in turn allows him to judge the Torrijos administration narrowly, ahistorically, and mistakenly.

Ryan, for example, notes that the general's "left-leaning regime" regularly beats up left-wing students and enjoys an extraordinarily warm relationship with leading international banks, but he is never able adequately to explain these curious facts. Such apparent discrepancies could disappear if Ryan told us how Torrijos's ideology was shaped by both his origins in the middle class (a small class that is the most nationalistic and anti-Yankee in Panama), and his education by U.S. military instructors in the Canal Zone. These teachers impressed upon the young officer the beauties of a highly centralized, efficient regime, able to crush protests from the left quickly. Nor does this book inform us about the 75-year process that so completely integrated the two nations' economies—to the extent that Panama's monetary system is now dominated by U.S. central banking operations. The Panamanian army, moreover, is dependent on us for everything from helicopters to shoe

At times, one fears that Ryan is about to translate into prose those John Birch Society movies that show huge red blobs moving inexorably across Europe, Asia, and Latin America until they converge somewhere in Indiana.

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polish. The new treaties contain provisions—ignored by Ryan—that tighten that dependence.

BY FAILING TO DISCUSS such history, the book oversimplifies the 1970s. Ryan believes that Torrijos, a close friend of Castro, is clearing the way for Communist naval and political domination in the Caribbean by taking advantage of North American "softness." None of this is accurate. As William Buckley (of all people) has noted, Torrijos used Castro for the general's own purposes and then, after using him, forcefully restricted Cuban activity on the Isthmus. The much touted danger of a Soviet worldwide naval buildup has proved to be as unreal as a Pentagon budget cut. Recent official estimates show the danger will further recede in the 1980s, especially if the Russians continue to lose bases in places like Somalia—bases which Ryan, incidentally apparently assumes will inevitably expand rather than disappear.

Above all, Americans who believe that a U.S. colonial presence in Panama is both irreconcilable with the best of our own traditions and dangerous to our future need no more chidings that they are being softheaded and unduly "altruistic." The security Ryan seeks will be destroyed most rapidly if we ignore our own as well as Panamanian history and continue to treat the Panamanians as dependents whose self-perceived needs are incompatible with U.S. security. If Washington takes that road—as it did in Vietnam—not only will Panama's needs remain unmet, but our interests on the Isthmus will suffer.

The lessons of the historical process that has unfolded during the past 30 years in countries like Indonesia, Egypt, Algeria, Cuba, Indochina, and even Yugoslavia are becoming clear. In each case the imperial power's interests would have been better served if it had compromised with the antiimperialist nationalism. Instead, the imperial power tried too often, or too long, to destroy the nationalism in the name of "security." Those who enter the upcoming debate on the canal treaties must try to help the public to understand the complex history of United States-Panamanian relations; there is no use in simply admonishing us to sit tall in the saddle. Ironically, John Wayne now understands this and supports the treaties, but some historians apparently do not.

MODERN HUNGARIAN POETRY, edited by Miklós Vajda. Columbia University Press, 286 pp., $11.95.

Lost in translation

GEORGE MIKES

HUNGARY IS A SMALL country and her writers of prose, her painters and sculptors are the artists of a small country. The best among them are very good, many verge on greatness, and a few achieve it—but there are no giants, no Tolstoys or Balzacs among her novelists, no Rembrandts or Renoirs among her painters. Two fields are exceptions, however. In music, three Hungarian composers, Liszt, Bartók, and Kodály, rank among the greatest, as the whole world knows; and in poetry, a few Hungarians are among the greatest geniuses the world has ever produced, as the world has often been told, and either believes or not. The trouble begins when some well-meaning Hungarians set out determinedly to prove it and inundate the Western nations with poor, mediocre, or at best, just adequate translations.

In poetry, a few Hungarians are among the great geniuses that the world has produced, as the world has often been told, and either believes or not.

I am not criticizing other translators only; I am also criticizing myself. Quite a few years ago, Arthur Koestler and I decided to translate into English the works of Attila József, one of the greatest poets of this century. Neglecting all other work, we would phone each other practically after every few lines to read what we had translated. We were enthusiastic, full of zest and joy; and it seemed to us—even to Koestler, normally the most modest and self-critical of men—that we were doing extremely well. Finally, rather proudly, we showed our work to Auden and asked him whether our translations conveyed the idea that Attila (a close friend of Koestler's and, to a lesser degree, of mine) was one of the greatest poets ever. Auden raised his eyebrows and shook his head firmly. We gave up our plans to publish and threw our translations away.

I wish others had followed our example and refrained from publishing what they did, in fact, publish. The one near-success has been a slim volume by Tibor Mile, a Hungarian worker in a British textile factory. Mr. Mile (I have written about him in the *Times Literary Supplement)* is a saint. Not only has he dedicated all his free time to these translations, but, although he is a very poor man, he has published them at his own expense. He goes even further. My article in the TLS created a certain demand for his little book. Now he refuses to sell: He just cannot bring himself to part with any of the copies. Mile tackled the greatest poems of the greatest poets: His sense of rhythm, his sense for the *mot juste* are impeccable. His is not a poet's but a translator's talent, which, as we shall see, is a very different kettle of fish and much rarer. Alas, Mile's knowledge of English is not quite adequate as yet, and this lack of knowledge leads to occasional mistranslations, faulty rhymes, and limping rhythms. But I still believe that if anyone is to achieve the long-awaited breakthrough of introducing great Hungarian poetry to the English-speaking world, it will be Tibor Mile, the textile worker.

I PICKED UP THE PRESENT volume with some trepidation. I put it down deeply moved by the love and effort that had gone into it, and I find it a painful duty to report that it is far from successful.

The introduction by the editor, Miklós Vajda, is an excellent piece of writing, lucid and fair. Every line of it reflects his great love and thorough understanding of poetry and of the poets, most of whom are personal friends of his. Vajda's brief portraits of them are sensitive and evocative, his dedication

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to the task moving, his love of poetry infectious.

But there are some hitches. The first difficulty is that this volume gives us "modern" poetry, that is, the works of poets who lived, or at least were still alive, after World War II. There are a number of eminent people among them, great favorites of mine but none—not one—belongs to the line of giants I was talking about. Vörösmarty, Petőfi, Arany, Ady, Babits, and Attila József were all of earlier periods, some of them of an earlier century. Is it then really worthwhile to introduce the second-string team, however good they may be? I admit that weighty arguments, citing many reasons, can be presented for the affirmative. I remain unconvinced, but even limited to the "moderns," the present list is far from perfect. Vajda tries to forestall criticism by explaining that it was sometimes the availability of translations that qualified for inclusion certain poets at the expense of others, and that the number of a poet's works included does not necessarily reflect the importance of the poet. Yet, some glaring omissions cannot be forgiven. Where is Jenő Heltai, the charming, lovable, cynical, wise bard of Budapest, who died well after the war? Surely, the author of "Néma Levente" (The Silent Knight) and "Egeres" (a prison poem, written when the old boy was arrested by the Hungarian Nazis) should find a place in an anthology that includes Márton Kalász or István Ágh.

THE TROUBLE IS THAT while Vajda is determined to be as nonpolitical as he can be, he cannot be all that nonpolitical. Where, for instance, are the émigré poets? I cannot claim that there are many poetic giants among them, but, surely, György Faludy's name cannot be decently left out of a collection of modern Hungarian poetry. His translations and re-creations of the ballads of Villon caused a literary sensation in the thirties. His prison poetry, his hatred of all tyrannies, his anti-Stalin venom, his rich language, lavish imagery, burning passion, magnificent invectives, and impressive courage certainly lift him above quite a few of those whose works are printed here.

Vajda rightly praises Gyula Illyés, an outstanding poet and writer, for his political poetry, yet Illyés's most famous political poem—the one which has been widely read and admired in the West, too—is carefully omitted. I mean, of course, "One Sentence About Tyranny," a shattering outburst against Stalin's and Rákosi's terror regime, published just before the Hungarian revolution of 1956. It is very strange that Faludy is ignored and that Illyés's beautiful anti-tyranny poem is left out. Present-day Hungary may not be an absolute paradise, but it is a very different place from Rákosi's hell; why then should the present cover up for a hideous past and thus identify itself with it? The Kadar government now condemns Stalin; so why cannot Faludy be forgiven for having done the same, even if earlier and in much stronger terms? Hungary today is no longer one huge concentration camp; so why hide Illyés's bitter outburst against the concentration camp society of more than 20 years ago?

Yet, serious as these objections may be, they refer to relatively minor blemishes. The real objection—the saddest of all—is that the translations are rather poor. The spark, the charm, the power, the wit, and often even the rhyme and the rhythm of the original are gone. The meaning is often there, but after all, *what* a poet says is almost always of secondary importance; the beauty lies in the way of saying it. In Petőfi's "Szeptember Végén" (At the End of September), regarded by many as the most beautiful poem in the language, what he says is that life is short and we shall all die. Not an original idea, it had been said often enough before—but never so beautifully and sadly as he did. Most of the beauty of these poems has been lost in the translations. Some translations are better than others; there are some lively lines, original phrases, striking images. But the attempt, as a whole, falls flat.

English is both too poor and too rich to bother with the art of translation. For small nations, it is a matter of intellectual life and death.

This is not surprising; in fact, it was bound to happen. Translation of poetry is a highly developed art in Hungary, but in Britain and the United States it is practically nonexistent. The great poets of the world, from Homer to Pushkin and Rilke, have all been translated into Hungarian, in the original cadence and rhyming system, the new version occasionally being even superior to the original.

ENGLISH IS BOTH TOO POOR and too rich to bother with the art of translation. Too poor, because the language does not lend itself to classical meters, and Homer, Horace, and Virgil must be rendered either in limping prose or in even more badly limping pseudomodern rhyming verse. But English is also too rich and too smug to bother with "minor" poetry. As a language, English used to be predatory and imperialistic—it took words, phrases, and expressions where it found them. As a literature, it lived in splendid isolation. For small nations, widening their horizons is a matter of intellectual life and death. No nation can live without knowing Shakespeare, Goethe, and Tolstoy; but anyone can exist quite comfortably without knowing Vörösmarty or Babits. No great English poet will ever learn Hungarian (or Finnish or Dutch) in order to translate a great poet. The English-speaking peoples feel rich enough without Polish, Hungarian, and Norwegian masterpieces. The Poles, Magyars, and Norwegians, however, had no choice; they *had* to develop the art of poetry translation and raise it to a high level. In this respect, poor literatures are rich and rich literatures are poor.

And that's the point. We must be grateful to the well-intentioned, indeed noble, English and American poets—William Jay Smith, Robert Graves, Michael Hamburger, George MacBeth, Edwin Morgan, and others—for trying so hard; but the effort, as a whole, just does not come off. These men are good poets but only mediocre translators. Translation of poetry is a *sui generis* art and craft, and even the greatest poet must learn it. You cannot do it by sitting down, without knowing a word of Hungarian, working from so-called rough translations and getting further instructions by mail. The whole thing becomes second hand; and second hand means second rate.

I must congratulate the contributors, especially Miklós Vajda, the editor, on their splendid intentions. Alas, I cannot be quite so enthusiastic about the result, a noble failure. ❧

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FILM

THE SERPENT'S EGG, directed by Ingmar Bergman

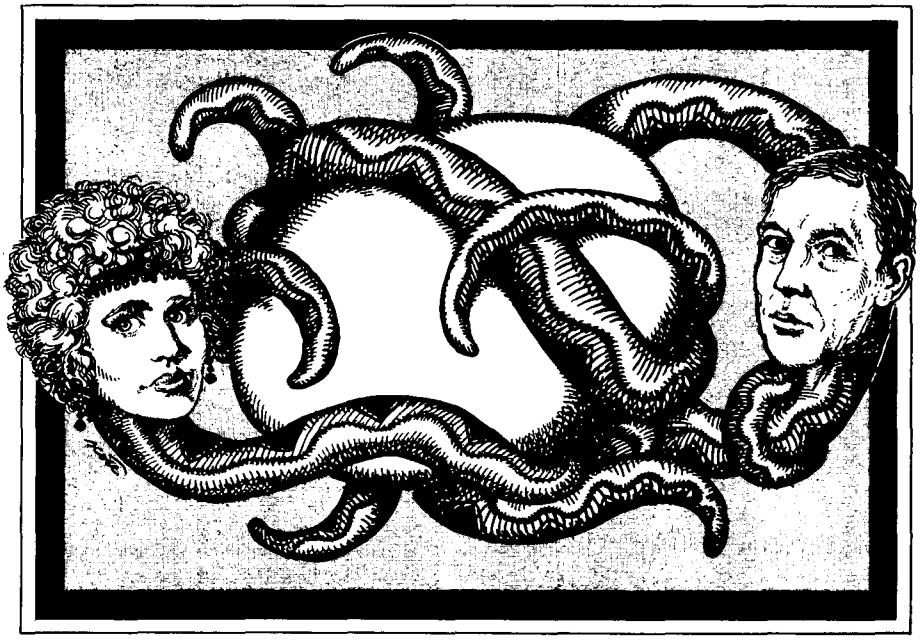
Angst revisited

STEPHEN HARVEY

IT ISN'T OFTEN THAT THE trials of a mere film director are dissected in the popular press with the zeal habitually devoted to rock luminaries and TV sex symbols—but then Ingmar Bergman's problems have been particularly nightmarish of late and hence newsworthy, even by the fanzine standards of *People* and the like. Readers who wouldn't know *The Virgin Spring* from *Meet Me in St. Louis* have been duly informed in print of Bergman's Kafkaesque hassles with the Swedish government over a trumped-up tax matter, his nervous breakdown, and his subsequent vow never to return to his homeland under any circumstances. I bring all this up again because Bergman's films, like O'Neill's plays, have long been traceable to the psychological struggles, if not the objective facts, of this artist's life. Perhaps never before has this been so apparent in Bergman's work as with his latest movie, *The Serpent's Egg*; for good or ill, the circumstances that prompted the making of this film have had everything to do with its dolorous form and substance.

In certain respects, *The Serpent's Egg* is a wrenching departure for Bergman. It's his first movie to be filmed outside Sweden, only the second to be made in English, and one of the very rare Bergman works to deal explicitly with the historical past, taking place in the morally and economically bankrupt Berlin of the early 1920s. Superficially, at least, it bears a faint resemblance to recent American political thrillers, replete with chases, a fair amount of rather explicit bloodshed, and an amoral villain apprehended in time for the fade-out. Most of his recent movies have been hermetic chamber dramas probing the private torment of a very limited cast of characters, whose relationship to a broader social context is, at most, implicit. In *The Serpent's Egg*, the agonies people inflict on themselves and each other are nothing compared to the havoc wrought by external political forces.

Unsurprisingly, considering Bergman's recent history, the main character (played by David Carradine) is himself in uneasy exile—a Jewish-American circus performer stranded in Berlin, turned into an unwitting pawn in the dark scheme of a faceless monolith. Carradine represents history's hapless bystander as utter victim. As an unaccountable series of gruesome murders takes place around him, he takes vain refuge with his sister-in-law (Liv Ullmann), the tone-deaf chanteuse of Berlin's sleaziest cabaret and an inveterately dimwitted stoic. Carradine's mind is gradually possessed by the voices of imagined persecutors, but it soon develops that their real-life counterparts are infinitely more efficient. Brutally interrogated by the police, he is released only to be trapped in the web of a sinister Aryan scientist whose grisly experiments prefigure the behaviorist horrors his successors were to perpetrate two decades later in the death camps.



BENEATH THE SURFACE OF this historical saga-cum-whodunit, the message seems to be that paranoids have real enemies too; this may sound irreverent, but it's impossible to repress an occasional chortle in the face of the endlessly straight-faced grotesquery that permeates this film. *The Serpent's Egg* may have been intended as a kind of expressionistic nightmare surrounding an icy nugget of truth, but it is too loquacious and ponderous to evoke much horror, while much of the detail is too clumsy to be persuasive on any "realistic" level. Among the basic problems is simply one of language; some years ago Bergman's *The Touch* betrayed a fatal incomprehension of the nuances of English, and *The Serpent's Egg* shows little improvement—a grievous flaw, particularly for a film that relies so heavily on dialogue to convey what the images apparently cannot.

This film is burdened with a hushed voice-of-doom narrator who intones similes on the order of "fear rises like vapor from the cobblestones," and solemnly notes the constant rain of that fateful German autumn while the camera records wispy gusts of falling snow! To make sure that the audience grasps the subtleties of the political cataclysm at hand, Bergman periodically halts in his tracks for a string of pedantic little lectures on Hitler, inflation, and post-

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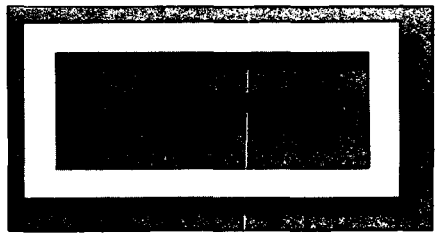
war malaise, delivered in bleak monotones by police chief Gert Froebe or scientist Heinz Bennent. (For reasons that were unfathomable to me, apart from the bald necessities of plot, everyone in the picture feels compelled to unburden his secret soul to Carradine, despite the fact that the latter is singularly unreceptive, both as actor and character.) The banality of the script really asserts itself whenever it stumbles into familiar Bergman terrain. While the whole enterprise is vaguely reminiscent of that searing antiwar dirge *Shame*, specific moments are shamelessly derivative. One cringes with embarrassment for Ullmann when she's forced to question a priest (James Whitmore, of all people, in his best ersatz-Spencer Tracy manner) concerning the existence of God, and naturally it follows that he's just as uncertain as she is—all too like a "Saturday Night Live" lampoon of *Winter Light*.

CONSIDERING THE UNIFORM excellence of the acting in his Swedish work, only unfamiliarity with the language and rum luck can explain one of the film's most glaring lapses—the casting of Carradine in the central role. This character wouldn't make much sense under the best of circumstances; it doesn't have much dimension apart from standing in as a symbol for suffering humanity, and the information we're given about him is contradictory, to put it mildly. (First it's revealed that he's of immigrant Latvian stock and raised in Philadelphia, then that he first encountered crypto-Nazi Bennent while summering in Amalfi as a child.) Yet a mystery far darker than any alluded to on screen is why at this late date a film-maker like Bergman (as well as those responsible for *Julia*) persist in assigning Jewish roles to indelibly WASP performers. Carradine resembles Gary Cooper out of Studs Terkel, down to the windburned cheekbones and nasal drawl, which explains why he was so effective as the noble prairie freight-hopper in *Bound for Glory* last year even though he didn't really resemble Woody Guthrie at all. With his terse, arid line readings, furrowed brow, and suppressed grimace, Carradine's air of bafflement extends way beyond the requirements of the part he's tackled here.

Understandably, Bergman is considerably more successful with Liv Ullmann—in fact, this is by far the most effective work she's done so far in an English-language movie. It's a continual source of amazement that an actress of such palpable intelligence and grace can transform herself completely into the essence of dense gaucherie when required. Her eloquence manages to transcend the more leaden ironies inherent in this part—a woebegone innocent forced into prostitution to survive. Sporting a green fright wig and tatty spangled leotard with a scarlet flower sewn at the crotch, while bellowing a smutty ditty in a bargain-basement Marlene baritone, Ullmann is a travesty of sirenish allure, and there's something undeniably poignant about how, in order to endure, she wearily accepts everything and anything that comes along. Yet for all her skill, Ullmann's soul-battered Madonna routine is beginning to get a little threadbare. A sense of *déjà vu* overtook me by the time Ullmann composed her face into the usual mask of dumb desolation for her final scene. It is ironic but not unprecedented that after a long association with one director, a performer can be imprisoned by the persona that made her reputation, thus thwarting her growth as an artist; it happened to Lillian Gish with Griffith, and to Dietrich with Sternberg, to name two. With this film, Ullmann teeters ever more precariously on the brink of self-parody, and the process of watching her barely hold on to her balance is more than a little distracting.

What disturbed me most about *The Serpent's Egg*, however, is that Bergman seems to have trapped himself, as well. Like such other "personal" filmmakers as Fellini, Antonioni, and Pasolini towards the end, Bergman's limited gamut of obsessions has been amplified and reiterated so often that the impact they once carried is now attenuated at best. *Angst* per se is no more profound or illuminating than any other theme, and Bergman seems to have run out of ways to express his monochromatic despair. No shattering insights are brought to the grim story of the impending Nazi holocaust—it seems just a facile peg on which to hang his usual fixations. There's something almost cozily masochistic about *The Serpent's Egg*, as it emanates the familiar tired resignation at the incurable heinousness of mankind in the face of an indifferent God. *The Serpent's Egg* is an anesthetizing experience, not so much because of the desolation inherent in the subject, but because Bergman's eternally dark glass reflects little beyond the despair of its creator. ❏



NOEL PERRIN

The possibility tax

JOHN X, 37, IS AN ASSOCIATE professor of chemistry at the University of Colorado. He makes $18,000 a year and has no outside income. Last year he paid $11,500 in federal income tax. A district tax assessor from IRS ruled that Professor X could earn at least $40,000 a year in private industry—and then keyed his tax liability to that figure. Although X likes teaching and had meant to make it a lifetime career, he is about to take a job in the pesticide-development division of Allied Chemical.

Because she was strikingly beautiful, the assessor said that she could earn $90,000 a year as a prostitute in Baltimore.

Karen Y, 28, is a social worker in Wilmington, Delaware. She earns $14,400 a year. Last spring the IRS set *her* income tax at $39,390. Ms. Y happens to be a strikingly beautiful woman, and the district assessor determined that if she became a prostitute in Baltimore, she could earn at least $90,000 a year. This was no snap judgment. As the law requires in such cases, the assessor's figure was subject to evaluation by outside authorities. Two

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Baltimore pimps confirmed his estimate in notarized affidavits.

Ms. Y has not yet moved to Baltimore. Stubborn as well as beautiful, she is still doing social work in Wilmington. To pay her taxes, she has borrowed money from her family. In addition, she now works Friday and Saturday evenings as a hostess in a dance hall. She nets an additional $8000 a year, all of which she devotes to her quarterly tax payments.

Richard Z, 23, is a second-year law student at Stanford. He ranks fourth in his class. Under a tax stabilization agreement he worked out with IRS when he was 18 and a freshman at Pomona, he pays only $100 a year in income tax. The agreement will lapse in another 18 months, and IRS has already told Richard that he can expect his tax liability to jump instantly to $10,000 a year. The district assessor, having examined his law-school record and personality index, has perceived a very attractive capability for personal claims work. Richard is, of course, under no obligation to enter that field. It's just that he will be taxed as if he were in it.

Richard's original hope was to start his career as a law clerk, preferably for an appellate judge. He now plans immediately to join a firm specializing in malpractice suits.

ALL THIS IS FANTASY AS applied to people. Transform the people into land, however, and you have a rather exact summary of how American farmland and woodland are in fact taxed. It would go like this:

John X, 262 acres, is a dairy farm in eastern Colorado. The net income of John's owner last year, milking 61 cows morning and night, 365 days a year, was $18,000. Because the farm is within two miles of a major new highway, it has become attractive though not prime development land—worth approximately $1400 an acre to a speculator. It is consequently assessed at that figure, and the property tax is $11,500 a year. Obviously, John's owner must sell; the only choice he has in the matter is whether his farm will become a shopping center or a subdivision.

Karen Y, 400 acres, is one end of a mountain in New Hampshire. There are two brooks, a waterfall, and views averaging 30 miles. Thousands of sugar maples, white birches, spruces, and beeches. Deer, fisher-cat, occasional wandering bears, and many smaller animals. Trout.

Karen's owner inherited the land from his mother in 1957. It was then assessed at $12,000, and the annual tax ran around $180. It had been the family woodlot for about a century.

Twenty years later, the owner persists in regarding the place as a tree-covered mountain. He occasionally cuts a few cords of firewood at the lower end, and still more occasionally allows selective logging over the whole tract—being careful to avoid erosion, spare the stream banks, and in general protect the beauty of the land, which he loves. His income from these two activities averages well under $1000 a year.

Because the land *is* so beautiful, and because it contains more than 200 potential building sites with views, it has prime development potential. It is currently assessed at $800,000. It has not yielded sufficient return to pay its taxes since 1968. At first the owner drew on other income to pay them. As the tax steadily rose, he adopted a more desperate strategy. Now he sells off a couple of five-acre lots at the lower end every year or two. He nets just enough to pay a couple of more tax bills.

Richard Z is a small wildlife refuge near a major Western city. Eight and a half years ago, when heavy industry began to move in that direction, the owner made a 10-year tax stabilization agreement with the county authorities . . . but Richard's story is too painful to tell in a family magazine. And perhaps the point is clear anyway. If we continue to tax farmland, woodland, and marshland, not on the basis of what they are worth as farmland, woodland, and marshland, but by figuring what they would be worth under conditions of maximum exploitation, one day we will look up and notice that we have maximally exploited most of our country. ❏

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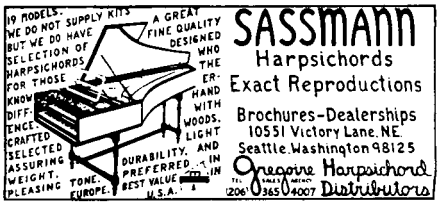
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Are our politics your kind of politics?

Capitalism is the unspoken reality of American politics. That is one thing the major parties agree upon: praise capitalism (not too often and preferably by another name) but don't discuss it. Preclude serious discussion of the central reality of our times.

This is to be expected. The major parties are the protection agencies of corporate capitalism. They are committed in bipartisan consensus to the capacities and limits of the system. It is their job to keep corporate-capitalism out of, "above," politics, just as it was the job of the pre-Civil War Whig and Democratic parties to keep slavery out of politics. They failed then because determined people brought the reality of slave power into the electoral arena, giving birth to the Republican party.

It remains to be seen whether the Democratic and Republican parties will succeed in keeping corporate power out of electoral politics. If they do they will only be doing their job, and socialists will not be doing theirs.

That job is to bring capitalism into politics as the great issue of our time. This newspaper is committed to beginning the job and to seeing it through. It is a job whose time has come.

The existing socialist parties, either through sectarian elitism or failure of nerve, also have evaded the task, or obstructed it. As if in a silent partnership with the major parties, they have brought aid and comfort to the bipartisan consensus and thus share responsibility with the major parties for the impasse in American politics and for the low level and shallow content of campaign debate.

This newspaper is committed to helping to break the impasse, by doing its job as a socialist organ of news and opinion.

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